THE EXAMINER.

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THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.—Pope.

STATE OF GERMANY.

A Tour in Germany and some of the Provinces of the Austrian Empire, in the Years 1820, 21, 22.

We have read these volumes, we will not say with unmixed, but certainly with very great, satisfaction; for while very little disposed to admire the political theory of the author, there is a calm unbiassed appearance of veracity in the deliverance of facts, which renders theory of very little consequence. In no respect do we find these coloured to suit opinions; nor, with the exception of a single instance or so, unwarily adding a light or a shadow to the portraiture. This rare negative qualification, added to the positive advantages of sense, discrimination, taste, and scholarship, will render this work valuable to all parties. We should have a poor opinion of the temper of the politician of any school, who, in the dispute of certain principles and conclusions, should regret the information to be derived from "so honest a chronicler" as this Caledonian Griffith.

That we may explain at once the school of politicians to which we deem our traveller to belong, we will briefly observe, that we regard him as one of that large and well educated class of politicians, who in their horror of innovation, or at least of that sort of innovation which is to be effected only by a conflict of interests and of elements, prefer all sorts of apathy and every species of endurance, especially in other people, to political resistance. The general reasoning of this numerous class of thinkers is the inutility of theoretical Constitutions to people who have attained no idea of the nature of political liberty, or of the requisite balance of forces, without which it can neither be enjoyed nor permanently exist. To a certain extent every body must allow of the objection and be aware of the fact; but this is not sufficient, as it can always be indefinitely pleaded, according to the quoted argument, it must always be indefinitely allowed. Nor is this all; by a tacit corollary, we are likewise called upon to admit, that every infliction of tyranny, every restraint upon liberty of opinion and impediment to a better order of things, are endurable, and befitting the genius and situation of a people, simply because they are endured. Not only is the voice of the people *not* the voice of God, but the voice of power is to be uniformly interpreted into the voice of the people; and the very padlock which is placed on their utterance is produced as an evidence of their willing bondage. We smile at the arguments produced against all attempts after rational liberty, on the grounds of the ignorance and habits of the people; the state of knowledge and political information among the mass of every community is made up by the associations gradually formed by their institutions, and the successful collision of opinions and interests against the tyranny of despotism, misrule, and pernicious influence; and without some vent for this internal struggle, the information can never widely exist. It is a miserable begging of the question, therefore, to call for regulated notions among the mass of the people, before the business of domestic patriotism commences; because in that event it will never commence at all. To hear some Englishmen or Scotsmen argue, it might be supposed that the comparative portion of liberty enjoyed by this country was produced like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, armed complete by some sudden lucky throe; or, at least, was nursed like Bacchus among the Nymphs, amidst smiling happiness and peaceful security. We need not say that anything but this has been the case; and yet who will say that our advantages are too dearly bought? Away then with this cant of waiting for this or that particular state of things, before the nightmare of despotism be resisted by the active particles of blood which may still lurk in the elements of a three parts paralysed system. We doubtless agree with Solomon, that there is a time for all things, and men may be more or less wise in their discovery of it; but the arguments to which we object, would for one thing have no time at all, for such is the virtual amount of the reasoning. The evils of anarchy are eternally alluded to, as if anarchy was a thing *sui generis*, like the chaos of the poets—that eldest of beings without parent or cause. We need not say that this is so far from being the case, that Despotism and Anarchy are in nearly the same state of relationship as Milton's Sin and Death,* with this addition to the mystery, that they are equally parent and child. We can listen with patience to this able German Tourist, or any other person who, in estimating the character of individuals, despots though they be, makes allowances for the notions produced by birth, education, and hereditary ideas of divine right; but we must eternally demur to the extension of this allowance to the despotism itself, and to the inference that it is not lawful to assail it at all times and in all places, by the force of reason, and every other means soundly connected with policy and morals, to its gradual but utter extinction. Such, we triumphantly affirm, is the *bellum ad internecionem*, which no despotism or alliances can effectually put down, and which will go on more and less rapidly to the ensurance of that aggregate of reasonable freedom, which we doubt not it is the ultimate lot of civilized humanity to attain.

Having thus protested against the political Epicureanism,—the disposition to erect acquiescence and self-enjoyment into a political virtue, under the plea of an implied necessity,—which is almost the only defect of these volumes, we hasten to the more pleasing task of directly adverting to the contents.

Our Tourist, whose mode of narration is peculiarly easy and agreeable, enters into Germany from the east of France, commencing his observations with Strasburgh. His first point however of much importance, is Frankfort, and it is distinguished by a brief but admirable exposition of the nature of the German Diet, in which, by a system of the grossest hocus-pocus and political legerdemain, every thing purely German is sacrificed to everything which is otherwise; and by a most insulting arrangement, a sort of rotten-borough principalities are admitted to the representation, in order to produce an undeviating preponderance in favour of Austrian and Prussian objects, the greater part of which are directly inimical to the interests of the very powers who nominally vote them. In short, it is a specious scheme to subject the powers of opposing views, and more especially such as evince a disposition to liberal institutions, like Wirtemberg and Bavaria, to the nod of the Confederated Despots. The following passage is instructive:

"The Confederation provides, to be sure, a public treasury and a common army for the defence of the country, but of what use are a treasury and army which stand at the disposal of foreign influence? Moreover, it does not leave the states which compose it even political independence among themselves, and the quiet administration of their internal concerns. It seems to be the right of a sovereign prince to give his subjects as popular institutions as he may think proper; but the sovereign princes of Germany must previously obtain, through the medium of the Diet, the permission of the courts of Vienna and Berlin. On this body they are dependent for the degree in which they shall descend from the old arbitrary prerogative; for the Confederation, while it thus lops off the most unquestionable rights of sovereign states, has formally declared, with ridiculous inconsistency, that it can contain only sovereign princes—and all the world knows what a sovereign prince means in the language of Vienna. Freedom of discussion among themselves, and the power of communicating their deliberations to those for whom they legislate, seem to be inseparable from the useful existence of a legislative body; but by the provisions of the confederation, this eternal minor placed under the tutelage of foreign powers, the Diet is bound to take care, that neither the discussions in such assemblies themselves, where they exist by sufferance, nor their publication through the press, shall endanger the tranquillity of Germany—and all the world knows by what standard Prince Metternich measures public tranquillity."

The author proceeds to observe, that "even the states where representative governments have been established, are deprived of all power in the important questions of peace and war; as no constitution is allowed to stand in the way of the decision of the Diet, namely, that of Austria and Prussia." In short, it is a system of the most op-

* This is well expressed in a pretended conversation between Milton and Cowley (a hint from those of Landor, we suppose) which appears in the just published number of Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*. "Many men," Milton is made to say, "have floridly and ingeniously compared anarchy and despotism; but they who so amuse themselves do but look at the separate part of that which is truly one great whole. Each is the cause and effect of the other;—the evils of each are the evils of both. Thus do states move on in the same eternal cycle, which, from the remotest point, brings them back again to the same starting-post: and till both those who govern and those who obey shall learn and mark this great truth, men can expect little through the future, as they have known little through the past, save vicissitudes of extreme evils, alternately producing and produced."—The fictitious Milton proceeds very majestically to illustrate by the course and fate of all despotisms, which as invariably lead to intervals of confusion and anarchy, as pent up vapours in the physical world produce earthquakes: each follows a law of nature and is unavoidable.

pressive mockery, and waits the rectification of the first extensive war between France and Austria, which must certainly annihilate it.

Our author's next stage of importance is Weimar, of which a very interesting description is given. To its literary distinction we need not advert, and the Tourist's very pleasant mode of narration is most characteristically employed in anecdotes and sketches of Schiller, Wieland, Herder, and above all Goëthe, the literary patriarch of the place. The Ducal family is amusingly portrayed; and the gross annihilation of the liberty of its press, on the part of the execrable Alliance denominated "Holy," related with force, if not with correspondent indignation. The Duke of Weimar has given his small population of 200,000 subjects a representative system, the primeval simplicity of which is described with considerable naiveté.

From Weimar we are carried to Jena, when the Tourist enters into an elaborate account of the associative system of the German students, and of the peculiar spirit which pervades the entire body, during the three years of their attendance at the Universities. Our author seems to exert the whole force of his satirical powers on the singular *esprit de corps* of this class, and accordingly he finds nothing is more empty, coarse, and disgusting than their swagger, nothing more heated and visionary than their general notions, or more ridiculous than the whole of their demeanour and pretentions. The evidence he gives of these facts is to a certain degree indisputable, and yet we cannot help suspecting that a something of political rancour enters into the description, in consequence of the liberalism and "deliverance of Germany notions," which predominate in their wildest associations. However this may be, we cannot at once admit the assertion that these youths, so enthusiastic and zealous at a critical period of their lives, uniformly sink down into the most pliable of opinionists, without exhibiting a spark of their fantastic opinions in their conduct as citizens and subjects of the State. If so, most of the theorists on education must be exceedingly mistaken, and that of Germany is governed upon principles which regulate no other country. We rather suspect, that the fire presumed to be extinguished is only smouldering under the surface, and that some time or other the latent flame will become visible.* Honest and straightforward Austria, at all events, seems of our opinion, and will allow of none of her youth to be educated out of her own bigotted pale. Some Hungarian students who resorted for scientific acquirements to Switzerland, were peremptorily ordered back again.

We cannot afford time to allude to the very entertaining accounts of the free cities, or of Saxony, Hesse Cassel, and Hanover; but the information in respect to all, in addition to being recent, is singularly clear and informing. There is also a brief but able account of the present state of the University of Gottingen.

Our Author's sketch of Prussia peculiarly merits attention, as tending to correct much general misconception in relation to the policy of Frederick William and his late Chancellor Hardenberg. In one respect this policy is comparatively admirable, for if it maintains despotism, it has annihilated indefeasible privileges and oligarchy. The nobles, especially exempted from taxation, have been obliged to share in the burthens of the people, and the monstrous officering of the army by them exclusively has been put an end to.† The Corporation restraints in towns, so injurious to trade and free individual exertion, have also been done away. There has likewise been a secularization and sale of Church lands, which has produced the most beneficial results, and done much to relieve the burthens of the late war. In short, we are taught to believe, that one of these sweeping reforms which are possibly to be effected most easily by sheer despotism, when tolerably clear-sighted, has been produced by the determined administration of Hardenberg. So far good; and if, as the Tourist seems to surmise, Frederick is intentionally leading the way to a modification of despotism itself, we honour him in proportion; but we must be allowed to doubt. Russia, our Author fears, may be some impediment to this generous ultimate result:—another obligation of civilized humanity to the enlightened Alexander, who doth indeed "bestride this narrow world like a Colossus," and, in the spirit of a political Pope, issues his intrigues and his bulls, in modification of the social progress, from one end of Europe to the other.

Of Austria—the despotic, leaden, edict-issuing Austria,—the picture is sombre and complete. We wish indeed our limits would allow us to do it justice, both as it regards the lively picture of Vienna, and the social character of the population; but this will not be.—We cannot however avoid quoting the following passage:—

"But though the Austrians have no great capacity for thinking, and a very great capacity for immorality and superstition, much of both must be ascribed to that total prostration of intellect which their Government inflicts upon them, a prostration which can never exist long, in the degree in which it exists in Vienna, without producing some degradation of the moral principle. The whole political system is directed, with prying and persecuting jealousy, to keep people in ignorance of all that goes on in the world, except what it suits the Cabinet to make known, and prevent people from thinking on what is known differently from the way in which the Cabinet thinks. All the modes of education are arranged on the same depressing principle of keeping mind in such a state, that it shall neither feel the temptation, nor possess the ability, to resist power. During the Congress of Laybach, the Emperor said to the teachers of a public seminary, "I want no learned men; I need no learned men: I want men who will do what I bid them," or something to the same purpose, the most unfortunate words, for the honour of his throne, that could be put in the mouth of a Monarch. The principle is fully acted on in Vienna; over all knowledge and all thinking, on every thing public, and on every thing relating to the political events and institutions not only of the Empire but of all other countries, there 'broods a darkness which may be felt;' nowhere will you find a more lamentable ignorance, or a more melancholy horror of being suspected of a desire to be wise above what is written down by the Editor of the Austrian Observer. Nothing is known but to official men; and the first official duty is to confine all knowledge within the official circle.—Talk to a Viennese about the finances, for example. What is the amount of the public revenue? I don't know. What is done with it? I don't know. How much does your army cost? I don't know. How much does the civil administration cost? I don't know. What is the amount of your public debt? I don't know. In short, do you know anything at all about the matter, except how much you pay yourself, and that you pay whatever you are ordered? Nothing on earth.

"The Austrian police,—*monstrum horrendum, ingens*; it cannot be added, *cui lumen ademptum*, for it has the eyes of an Argus, though no Mercury has yet been found to charm them to sleep, while he rescued manly thought and intellectual exertion from the brute form into which political jealousy has metamorphosed them. The French police under Napoleon was reckoned perfect; in efficiency, it could not possibly surpass that of Vienna, which successfully represses every expression of thought by forcing on all the deadening conviction, that the eyes and ears of spies are every where. The consequences of a denunciation are secret arrest, secret imprisonment, and an unknown punishment. It can be tolerated in some measure, that spies should be placed in coffee-houses, in the apartments of Restaurateurs, or in places of public amusement; for on such occasions every sensible person, to whatever country he may belong, will be on his guard; but it is sickening when, even in private society, he must open his lips under the conviction that there may be a spy sitting at the same table with him. This is the case in Vienna to a very great extent. The efficacy of such a system depends on those who are its instruments being unknown; but if the Viennese themselves may be believed, not only men, but women too, and men and women of rank, are in the pay of the secret police Among those whom you know to be your personal friends, if you indulge in a freedom of opinion on which you would not venture in more mixed society, they will draw back with a sort of apprehension, and kindly warn you of the danger to which you are exposing both them and your-self. This is true, not merely of what might be considered modes of thinking hostile to the whole frame of government, but it is equally so of individual acts of administration,—if you question, for instance, the propriety of punishing a public peculator, like T——, by dismissing him with a pension, or the purity of the motives which procured Count A—— his provincial government. The government is not even very fond that its measures should be praised; it is much better pleased that nothing be said about them at all."

It is nothing after this to hear that Metternich promotes the convenient husbands of accomodating wives to governments, and to learn that Vienna forms another domain of Circe; but it is something, and something very inconsistent, to hear of the good, kind-hearted, simple character of the Emperor of Austria, who, presiding over this mass of suffocation *con amore*, is described by our Author as the most good-natured of men; the frequent allusions to him somewhat resemble the exclamation of Orgon to his wife, every time he forces her from her own complaints into an episode on the whereabout of Tartuffe. "*Le pauvre homme!*" at every interval, or its synonime, "the dear good man," seems eternally bursting out from the Tourist. This is out of keeping, and puerile; for after describing such a state of things, we know of no epithets but those of tyrant or simpleton, which can belong to him who presides over it. The Author, in relation to Austria as well as Prussia, refreshes us with some anecdotes illustrative of the pestilential oppression of oligarchical influ-

* What renders this still more likely is the sympathy prevalent throughout Germany, in relation to the student Sandt, executed for the murder of Kotzebue. No one can be prevailed upon to call it anything but an amiable mistake.

† An opinion is entertained in Germany, that the loss of the battle of Jena was attributable to the mode of officering, which opinion the Tourist calls illiberal. Why? The army was most unskilfully fought by these officers exclusively. Does the Tourist imagine, in the spirit of certain reasoning of Puisne Lords of the Admiralty, that both our army and navy would not feel the effect of a similar arrangement? The secret was indeed exposed by the ungrateful policy of Frederick, called the Great, who in war employed plebeian officers, and ungenerously dismissed them at the peace. Suppose an army officered exclusively like the 10th Hussars—the very idea implies battles of Jena and everything absurd.

ence—clearly the most injurious of all domination, which the Author never spares. This makes no mean amends for the timidity of his theory in other respects. We sympathise not with his abundance of allowance for the lordly lion, but go humbly along with him as to the necessity of destroying the wolves.

Occupying a certain division of our paper, we have in this article chiefly confined ourselves to the political features of the tour; but our readers of a different taste ought to be informed, that in general description, and especially in reference to the fine arts and local appearances of country and manners, these volumes are highly discriminative and entertaining. In a word, we hesitate not to assert, that this North British production, for such we find it to be, is one of the most able and informing continental tours of a general character, with which the public has for a long time been favoured. Q.

ATROCIOUS OPPRESSION BY LEGAL PROCESS—UNPAID MAGISTRACY—CASE OF JOHN FRANKS.

This is one of those eloquent cases which speak volumes as to the state of the English law, and which show how much the rich may oppress the poor under legal forms in this "free, prosperous, and constitutional" country. It ought to be published in every newspaper throughout England: every editor professing liberal principles who omits it betrays his cause; every Tory journalist who passes it over in silence, tacitly admits the reproach it conveys against the boasted Constitution and the governing authorities. We gather the facts from the *Morning Chronicle*, the Editor of which has brought forward the case in the most manly, spirited, and praiseworthy manner.

John Franks is a labourer at Betchworth in Surrey, living on a small freehold, a cottage and garden, worth about 6*l.* a-year, which belonged to his grandfather, and was purchased by John Franks of his father. He was born on the spot. He is married and has eight children, three of whom get their own living, one is apprenticed, and four are at home. It is admitted on all hands, that John Franks is an honest, industrious, prudent man, who keeps his family in a cleanly, respectable manner.

A Mr. W. Kendrick, a rich lawyer and magistrate, has land on both sides of John Franks' freehold, his house and grounds on one side, his fields on the other—so that to get from his house to his fields, he has to pass on either side of the labourer's garden. For several years past he has offered to purchase this little property, which however Franks has invariably refused to sell. He also wanted to make a pathway through it, which Franks refused to allow, *by the advice of the Duke of Norfolk*, because it would have spoiled it. The various petty annoyances which the malicious rich man contrived to inflict on the independent though poor man, may be easily imagined; the positive *injury* may be estimated from the fact, that Franks, notwithstanding his excellent character, found great difficulty in getting employment.

"On the 13th of May, 1824, the constable of Reigate, with whom Franks was well acquainted, came to him, and told him he had a warrant to apprehend him for felony. He went with the constable to Mr. Justice Burgess, the magistrate at Reigate, where it was sworn by two of Mr. Kendrick's people, that a slab of elm wood, value one shilling, was found on the freehold of Franks; that the slab was the property of Mr. Kendrick and had been taken from the saw-pit. The inference was that Franks stole it. (Franks says that the slab was measured and valued as oak, and that its value was seven-pence half-penny.) The magistrate told Franks he was sorry to be obliged to commit him, but as the felony had been positively sworn against him, he had no choice. He said to the constable however,—You know him, and I will commit him to your custody till you can take him to the County Gaol. It was then agreed between the Constable and Franks, that the latter should go home and be ready to proceed to London at six next morning. At six they set off outside the coach as companions, and arrived in the Borough, wet through by the rain which had fallen. The Constable told Franks he should not go to prison wet and hungry; so he took him to a public-house, gave him a good dinner, and then left him to dry his clothes while he went on some other business. On the Constable's return they staid together until the afternoon, when Franks was delivered at Horsemonger-lane Gaol. Here he was put into the Sixth Class, with 25 felons, and had the prison fare, bread and water only, for nine days. At the expiration of this time, his family supplied him with food.

"While he was in prison, his wife was tampered with, evidently, he says, with a view to dispossess him of his freehold. She was told she might have ten or twelve shillings weekly from the parish, for the support of her family; but she was cautioned by the clergyman not to take anything from the parish, as it might lead to litigation, and to the loss of the freehold.

"Having no aid, the family was reduced to very great distress, when a son of Franks, who is a servant to —— Chitty, Esq. at Horsham, told the tale to his master; said he had saved some money in service, and was desirous to assist his father and mother, brothers, and sisters. His master gave him leave to go home, and he supplied the family with the means of existing.

"When Franks had been in prison three weeks, and all attempts to dispossess him had failed, when everybody was satisfied that Franks had done no wrong whatever, when the state in which he and his family were placed had excited the sympathy of all the neighbours, Mr. Kendrick sent to the gaoler at Horsemonger-lane, to let Franks know, that if he would acknowledge the crime he would proceed no further, and forgive him; but Franks, conscious of his innocence, would not acknowledge himself a felon; and he therefore remained five weeks longer in gaol.

"When the time for holding the Sessions came, Franks was informed, and so was his wife, that Mr. Kendrick said he would prosecute him no further, but had caused Counsel to be retained for him. Franks says he has no doubt this was intended to put him off his guard, that he might have no Counsel in Court. He however procured Counsel, which cost him 2*l.* 5*s.*

"On Tuesday, the 13th July, he was ironed and chained in the prison caravan with thirteen felons, and thirteen other persons for misdemeanours, and carried to Guilford. On Thursday, the 15th July, he was tried for the felony."

Here follows a report of the trial from the *County Chronicle*, the substance of which is briefly as follows:—For the prosecution, a witness named Scraggs swore he had seen an elm slab on the prisoner's freehold, which he fitted to some timber of Mr. Kendrick's. Scraggs admitted Franks' excellent character. Another witness stated, that he had taken the elm slab from the sawpit and left it in a meadow, and that he never saw it again till it was brought from Franks'. For the defence, it was proved, that a neighbour, who had been repairing his house, asked permission to lay some pieces of wood, &c. on his premises, and that Franks' boys were altering their rabbit-hutch with the piece in question. The prisoner was instantly acquitted, to the great satisfaction of the audience.

On his acquittal, Franks was taken by a friend to Brockham Green, within two miles of his own cottage, where he slept; and next morning, when he walked home, such was the state of feebleness to which confinement and anxiety had reduced him (from being a strong active man) that he was obliged to stop for a long time at the end of one mile, and was afraid he should never reach home. His legs were swelled, and for a considerable period he was unable to earn his livelihood.

Well may the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle* ask, whether any one, after reading this case, can wonder at the degraded condition of the agricultural population? It is the boast of certain slavish judges and commentators who have bedaubed the English Constitution with their slavering eulogies, that there is no *legal* wrong without a remedy. Now we ask, what is the remedy of John Franks, for having, on a false and frivolous charge, been torn from his family and imprisoned like a felon for eight weeks, for the loss of the necessaries and hard earnings his wife and children sold to support him and themselves, and for the agony they all underwent? There is no remedy—the law has not provided any redress for the hundreds of thousands liable to be thus oppressed. Is there then any punishment for the legal Magistrate, who gets a man bearing an excellent character and supporting a large family by his industry, immured in a gaol for two months, because a bit of timber worth sixpence is found on that man's premises, and he affects to suspect that he had been robbed of it, though there was not the shadow of probability that his victim had stolen it, and fifty ways could be easily imagined by which so valueless an article might have come upon the ground without the owner's knowledge? There is no punishment—the law has provided no penalty for men who take advantage of its forms to oppress people in this mode. There is indeed the punishment which Public Opinion can inflict; and we trust that in this case it will fall with exemplary severity on the head of this cruel and heartless oppressor.

We must not conclude this article without stating, that the publicity of this case has already induced many persons to send sums of money to the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, for the benefit of John Franks; and we trust that such of our readers as *can* testify, by opening their purses, their indignation against the oppressor, and their sympathy with the oppressed, will take the same course. They may rest assured, that the money so transmitted will be promptly and judiciously applied, and cannot fail to be of most important service to the deserving object of their benevolence.

THE WISHING-CAP.

No. XII. ST. JAMES'S PARK.

"In the time of King Henry the Eighth," says a note to Dr. King's Poems in Mr. Chalmers's collection, "the park was a wild wet field; but that prince, on building St. James's palace, enclosed it, laid it out in walks, and collecting the waters together, gave to the new-enclosed ground and new-raised buildings the name of St. James's. It was much enlarged by Charles the Second; who added to it several fields, planted it with rows of lime-trees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal

with a decoy, and other ponds for water-fowl. The lime-trees, or *tilia*, whose blossoms are uncommonly fragrant, were probably planted in consequence of a suggestion of Mr. Evelyn, in his *Fumifugium*, published in 1661."

Charles the Second was very fond of the park. His habit of walking there, attended by his dogs, both sad and merry, has been noticed before. His ducks, which he also amused himself with feeding, inhabited a spot called Duck Island, which was erected into a "government," in order to furnish the French exile and wit, St. Evremond, with a pension. Bird-cage walk must not be forgotten, which was an aviary of Charles's raising, and retains its appellation. Waller speaks of the improvements of St. James's park, in the gratuitous style of a poet. The libertines of the Court were to sport about the canal, like the harmless wantons of a golden age; while Charles walks among the trees in all the dignity of a Numa, and settles the destinies of the world :—

Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
The lovers walking in that amorous shade:
The gallants dancing by the river side;
They bathe in summer, and in winter slide.
Methinks I hear the music in the boats,
And the loud Echo which returns the notes:
While overhead a flock of newsprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the Sun control;
Dark'ning the sky, they hover o'er, and shroud
The wanton sailors with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath, a shoal of silver fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' sides:
The ladies angling in the crystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take:
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fishes and the men their prize.

The vigour with which the King plays at mall is then doated on; and the poet proceeds in some striking verses :—

Near this, my Muse, what most delights her, sees
A living gallery of aged trees;
Bold sons of Earth, that thrust their arms so high,
As if once more they would invade the sky.
In such green palaces the first kings reigned,
Slept in their shades, and angels entertain'd:
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred groves grew wise.
Free from the impediments of light and noise,
Man, thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.
Here Charles contrives the ordering of his states,
Here he resolves his neighbouring princes' fates:
What nation shall have peace, where war be made,
Determin'd is in this oraculous shade.

Again, in some verses not so good :—

Here, like the people's pastor, he does go,
His flock subjected to his view below:
On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private passion does indulgence find:
The pleasures of his youth suspended are,
And made a sacrifice to public care.
Here, free from court compliances, he walks,
And with himself, his best adviser, talks:
How peaceful olive may his temples shade,
For mending laws, and for restoring trade:
Or, how his brows may be with laurels charg'd,
For nations conquer'd and our bounds enlarg'd.

Alas, it should have been,—

For pensions taken, and for France enlarg'd.

All that his Majesty thought of "in this oraculous shade," was how to pass his time and get money for his pleasures--

"Methinks I see the love that shall be made—"

This it was more easy for our grave poet to predicate. The park is the scene of some of the most libertine plays of that period. I do not know where the Mulberry Garden stood, which gives a title to one of the comedies of Sedley; perhaps on the scite of Spring Garden, which was a place of entertainment up to a late period. The milk fresh from the cow, which is still sold under the trees at the entrance from that quarter, and which has a pleasing effect on emerging from the streets, appears to be a remnant of the former traffic.

Marlborough House, now the residence of Prince Leopold, was one of the national acknowledgments to the Duke of Marlborough. It was built partly in a garden belonging to the Queen. Her Majesty had thus her defender and her old friend the Duchess by her side; and on the other side, in the palace still called by his name, lived her old friend and admirer (who they say courted her in his youth) Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. He married her sister, natural child of James the Second by the daughter of Sir Charles Sedley. Sheffield built the mansion and laid out the garden. He adorned the four sides of the house with inscriptions, one of which is much to the purpose: —"Fastidiosus spectator sibi molestus:"—"A fastidious spectator is his own annoyance." This is the nobleman of whom the *Tatler* speaks as the "Duke that lives at Marybone." A strange story is related in Pennant, of his giving a dinner to "the most infamous sharpers of the time" who gambled at that place, and of a toast with which he concluded it;—"May as many of us as remain unhanged next spring, meet here again." "I remember," says Pennant, "the facetious Quin telling this story at Bath, within the hearing of the late Lord Chesterfield, when his lordship was surrounded by a crowd of worthies of the same stamp with the above." I cannot help thinking that the company was more suited to the author of the Letters than the writer of the Minor Poems. Sheffield is one of the "twinkling stars" in the "Miscellanies," and has a lurking goodness in the midst of his libertinism. He has been accused of pride and arrogance; but they say he was amiable in private. His sharping connexions do not look like the man of whom his widow speaks so highly in his *Remains*; but it is astonishing what strange things come together in high life, and with what accommodating philosophy the Great regard their own contradictions. The lie, on which their pretensions are founded, is the cause of it, and renders it in a certain degree excusable. A man cannot well feel that the world consent to make distinctions that have no real existence, with impunity.

St. James's palace was built by Henry the Eighth, on the site of an ancient hospital for lepers. The name was the name of the hospital. The palace was fitted up by William for the Princess Anne and her husband, Prince George of Denmark. She retained it as her residence when Queen, and it has since been the head-quarters of the British Court. Pennant says, that although the outside is unsightly, it is the most convenient palace for regal parade of any in Europe. There were some interesting pictures there in his time, probably still remaining. One of them was "the diminutive Manhood of Geoffrey Hudson." "Here," says Pennant, "is to be seen the famous picture by Mabuse, of Adam and Eve. Mr. Evelyn justly remarks the absurdity of painting them with navels, and a fountain of rich imagery amidst the beauteous wilds of Paradise. Raphael and Michael Angelo made the same mistake of the navel, on which the learned Sir Thomas Brown wastes a long page and half to disprove the possibility." With the leave of these worthy gentlemen, and of the profound theosophist, Raphael and Michael Angelo knew more about these navel affairs than they. The fountain is not so well; but (not to say anything of what is impossible to Omnipotence) Adam and Eve were bound to be complete specimens of the human race; patterns and prototypes, as well as progenitors. As they anticipated our growth, so they anticipated all the rest of us:—

Adam, the goodliest of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters, Eve.

The goodliness of the picture desiderated by Mr. Evelyn and Sir Thomas, I leave all people of taste to imagine.

In books of fifty and a hundred years back, if you meet with a hungry gentleman who did not know where to get a dinner, you always find him sitting on a bench in the Park. Others generally accompany him, most of whom are politicians. Bickerstaff meets here his acquaintance the Upholsterer, who lets his affairs run to ruin in his zeal for the King of Sweden. People do not appear so patient now-a-days to hunger and thirst, though their politics are more zealous than ever. In sympathizing with the world at large, instead of confining themselves to be tragedy spectators of Royalty, they have learnt to include their own rights. They may die by other means; they may be ruined by a bankruptcy, or be hacked and hewed by a series of disappointed hopes; but till they are fairly put an end to, they claim the common privilege of eating their breakfast and dinner. Besides, others would not let them want a dinner. Revolutions have produced a tendency to diminish the extent of royal kitchens, but only that the superflux may be shaken to the many. Rabelais would delight to see Gargantua no longer considered as everybody. The two pilgrims, whom he eat in a salad, would in these times have at least made considerable objections.

It would appear, from novels, that the Park enjoyed some privilege from arrest. In Fielding's Amelia, if I remember, the hero often walks in the Mall, when he can go no where else. During the existence of the old Cathedral of St. Paul's, the inside of that church was the resort of the hungry; who, in allusion to a tomb supposed to contain the body of Humphrey, Duke of Glocester, gave rise to the saying of dining with Duke Humphrey.

The Mall is so called from the game of Mall to which Waller alludes. Charles the Second transferred it from Pall Mall. It is a great pity that these and similar exercises have been left off. Without canting about the degeneracy of the times, it is a reasonable deduction from our abandonment of healthy and manly games, that we are an inferior race to our ancestors in point of bodily grace and vigour. But more of this another time.

In a house looking into Mr. Bentham's garden in Bird-cage Walk lived Milton. The front of it is in York-street, and, without being the

ancient one, is in very squalid condition. If it had a new face and an inscription, which it surely deserves, it would turn to better account for all parties. There used to be a bust on the other side, which we believe Mr. Bentham put up. But it is not the custom of that eminent person to monopolize a good thing, and he ought to let as many people know of the house as possible. It is the privilege of Westminster to exhibit a spirit of liberty, proportionate to the encroachments of the other power that lives there.

The Horse-Guards were in poor condition in the time of Charles. The stables looked like the open corridors of an old inn; and a toy of a building, with a staircase outside, appears to have been the Guard-House. These conclusions are drawn from the print in Pennant. I thought the design of the present building was by Vanbrugh; but Pennant says he believes it was the work of an architect of the name of Vardy. The structure is not older than the reign of George the Second. There is something fantastic in the custom of setting two soldiers a horseback to mount guard in those tenements at the entrance, like a couple of live statues. But they are fine specimens of the weight and steadiness of a pair of English dragoons; and keep a gravity becoming their situations. Some say, they have been seen eating pudding, and apples; but this is what I will not believe.

The band on parade is worth hearing. They play some of the best pieces of Mozart and Haydn, which the wind carries hither and thither in triumph. I remember taking home to school the air of *Non più andrai*, long before I knew the name of Mozart. Here war is to be seen under its most harmless aspect, with its fringes, its colours, and its gallant sounds. It is all holiday play and gentle service; a business of steppings and salutations. The band-major looks grave and ruling; the blacks toss up their cymbals in the sun; the little triangle-boys emulate their long legs; the officers step along, very gentlemanly; the companies tread solidly at their elbow, like bodies with their soul beside them; the young ensign is admired in the middle, carrying his colours like a fluttering heart. Anon, the nobler instruments give way to the drum and fife, and the regiment proceeds for the Court-yard in a livelier and more familiar step. During the parade, a trumpet and a stir of cavalry are heard; and a fine troop of dragoons issue forth on their long-tailed black horses, the trumpeter on a white one blowing his trumpet, which mingles with the instruments of the foot, and makes a gallant confusion. Who would not then be a soldier, and dictate to the world? Certainly if war is a necessary evil, it is pranked up and recommended to us in the best possible manner. Nature will do her utmost to gild her bitterest pills. In one point of view, what can be more silly than these gay and self-satisfied persons, marching away, in the long run, to have their throats cut, and their heads blown to atoms? But in another, what can be more reconciling in its necessity? What more calculated to bring tears of mingled pity and admiration in our eyes? What better way could have been found out to enlist the superfluous part of society into its roughest and most dangerous service? I am no disciple of Mr. Malthus. He either cannot, or, being a Clergyman, dare not, handle the real question, which I think it requires no great knowledge of economy to see into. But wars have long been a part of the history of mankind, and must have been the necessary result of some modification of its manners. It does not follow that the necessity is to exist for ever, or that the alternative is the one he speaks of. The present forms of society must be broken up, and the whole earth properly cultivated, before he has a right to argue that there is not enough for all, much less that *war* is necessary to prevent the redundance of population. See what Mr. Hazlitt has said on the subject at the end of his *Political Essays*. In the meantime, an end is not likely to be put to war by making mere representations of its misery, however just. God knows, they cannot well be exaggerated. See for one instance, worth a thousand, a note to a certain *Ode to Horror*, in the works of the Poet Laureat, the "Pilgrim to Waterloo." The point is, to keep our reasoning faculties on the alert,—our liberties of thinking and speaking; and to enable ourselves to detect sophistry and time-serving. One sound philosophical discovery goes farther towards the alteration of society, than millions of complaints. The danger of these is, that the very suffering will be glad to relieve itself, and run into the gaiety of despair. It is our business to keep ourselves in heart as far as a present necessity goes, and in health of mind not to be imposed upon beyond the necessity.'

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THE LAST MOMENTS OF LORD BYRON.

[*From the Westminster Review, No. 3.*]

We are enabled to present our readers with a very detailed report of Lord Byron's last illness; it is collected from the mouth of Mr. Fletcher, who has been for more than 20 years his faithful and confidential attendant. It is very possible that the account may contain inaccuracies; the agitation of the scene may have created some confusion in the mind of a humble but an affectionate friend; memory may, it is possible, in some trifling instances, have played him false; and some thoughts may have been changed either in the sense or in the expression, or by passing through the mind of an uneducated man. But we are convinced of the general accuracy of the whole.

"My master," says Mr. Fletcher, "continued his usual custom of riding daily, when the weather would permit, until the 9th of April.—But on that ill fated day, he got very wet, and on his return home, his Lordship changed the whole of his dress, but he had been too long in his wet clothes, and the cold, of which he had complained more or less ever since we left Cephalonia, made this attack be more severely felt. Though rather feverish during the night, his Lordship slept pretty well, but complained in the morning of a pain in his bones and a head ache: this did not, however, prevent him from taking a ride in the afternoon, which I grieve to say was his last. On his return, my master said that the saddle was not perfectly dry, from being so wet the day before, and observed that he thought it had made him worse. His Lordship was again visited by the same slow fever, and I was sorry to perceive on the next morning that his illness appeared to be increasing. He was very low, and complained of not having had any sleep during the night. His Lordship's appetite was also quite gone. I prepared a little arrow-root, of which he took three or four spoonsful, saying it is very good, but could take no more. It was not till the third day, the 12th, that I began to be alarmed about my master. In all his former colds, he always slept well, and was never affected by this slow fever. I therefore went to Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen, the two medical attendants, and inquired minutely into every circumstance connected with my master's present illness; both replied that there was no danger, and I might make myself perfectly easy on the subject, for all would be well in a few days. This was on the 13th. On the following day, I found my master in such a state, that I could not feel happy without supplicating that he would send to Zante for Dr. Thomas; after expressing my fears lest his Lordship should get worse, he desired me to consult the Doctors, which I did, and was told there was no occasion for calling in any person, as they hoped all would be well in a few days. Here I should remark, that his Lordship repeatedly said in the course of the day, he was sure the Doctors did not understand his disease; to which I answered, Then, my Lord, have other advice by all means.—'They tell me,' said his Lordship, 'that it is only a common cold, which you know I have had a thousand times.' 'I am sure, my Lord,' said I, 'that you never had one of so serious a nature.' 'I think I never had,' was his Lordship's answer. I repeated my supplications that Dr. Thomas should be sent for on the 15th, and was again assured that my master would be better in two or three days. After these confident assurances, I did not renew my entreaties until it was too late. With respect to the medicines that were given to my master, I could not persuade myself that those of a strong purgative nature were the best adapted for his complaint; concluding that as he had nothing on his stomach, the only effect would be to create pain; indeed this must have been the case with a person in perfect health. The whole nourishment taken by my master for the last eight days consisted of a small quantity of broth at two or three different times, and two spoonsful of arrowroot on the 18th, the day before his death. The first time I heard of there being any intention of bleeding his Lordship was on the 15th, when it was proposed by Dr. Bruno, but objected to at first by my master, who asked Mr. Millingen if there was any great reason for taking blood: the latter replied that it might be of service, but added that it could be deferred till the next day.—And accordingly my master was bled in the right arm on the evening of the 16th, and a pound of blood was taken. I observed at the time that it had a most inflamed appearance. Dr. Bruno now began to say he had frequently urged my master to be bled, but that he always refused. A long dispute now arose about the time that had been lost, and the necessity of sending for medical assistance to Zante, upon which I was informed for the first time that it would be of no use, as my master would be better, or no more, before the arrival of Dr. Thomas. His Lordship continued to get worse, but Dr. Bruno said he thought letting blood again would save his life; and I lost no time in telling my master how necessary it was to comply with the Doctor's wishes; to this he replied by saying, he feared they knew nothing about his disorder, and then stretching out his arm said, 'Here, take my arm, and do whatever you like.' His Lordship continued to get weaker; on the 17th he was bled twice, in the morning and at two o'clock in the afternoon; the bleeding at both times was followed by fainting fits, and he would have fallen down more than once had I not caught him in my arms. In order to prevent such an accident, I took care not to let his Lordship stir without supporting him. On this day my master said to me twice—'I cannot sleep, and you well know I have not been able to sleep for more than a week. I know,' added his Lordship, 'that a man can only be a certain time without sleep, and then he must go mad without any one being able to save him; and I would ten times sooner shoot myself than be mad, for I am not afraid of dying; I am more fit to die than people think.' I do not, however, believe that his Lordship had any apprehension of his fate till the day after, the 18th, when he said, 'I fear you and Tita will be ill by sitting up constantly night and day.' I answered, 'we shall never leave your Lordship till you are better.' As my master had a slight fit of delirium on the 16th, I took care to remove the pistols and stiletto which had hitherto been kept by his bed side in the night. On the 18th his Lordship addressed me frequently, and seemed to be very much dissatisfied with his medical treatment. I then said, 'Do allow me to send for Dr. Thomas;' to which he answered—'Do so, but be quick, I am only sorry I did not let you do so before, as I

am sure they have mistaken my disease; write yourself, for I know he would not like to see other Doctors here.' I did not lose a moment in obeying my master's orders, and on informing Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen of it, they said it was very right, as they now began to be afraid themselves. On returning to my master's room, his first words were, 'Have you sent?' 'I have, my Lord,' was my answer; upon which he said, 'You have done right, for I should like to know what is the matter with me.' Although his Lordship did not appear to think his dissolution was so near, I could perceive he was getting weaker every hour, and he even began to have occasional fits of delirium. He afterwards said, 'I now begin to think I am seriously ill, and in case I should be taken off suddenly, I wish to give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular in seeing executed.' I answered I would, in case such an event came to pass; but expressed a hope that he would live many years to execute them much better himself than I could. To this my master replied, 'No, it is now nearly over;' and then added, 'I must tell you all without losing a moment.' I then said, "Shall I go, my Lord, and fetch pen, ink, and paper?' 'Oh! my God, no—you will lose too much time, and I have it not to spare, for my time is now short,' said his Lordship; and immediately after, 'Now, pay attention.' His Lordship commenced by saying, 'You will be provided for.' I begged him, however, to proceed with things of more consequence; he then continued: 'Oh, my poor dear child! my dear Ada! my God, could I but have seen her! give her my blessing—and My dear sister Augusta and her children; and you will go to Lady Byron, and say——tell her every thing—you are friends with her.' His Lordship appeared to be greatly affected at this moment. Here my master's voice failed him, so that I could only catch a word at intervals, but he kept muttering something very seriously for some time, and would often raise his voice and say, 'Fletcher, now if you do not execute every order I have given you, I will torment you hereafter if possible.' Here I told his Lordship, in a state of the greatest perplexity, that I had not understood a word of what he said; to which he replied, "Oh, my God! then all is lost! for it is now too late—can it be possible you have not understood me?' 'No, my Lord,' said I, 'but I pray you to try and inform me once more.' 'How can I?' rejoined my master; 'it is now too late, and all is over.' I said, 'Not our will, but God's be done;' and he answered, 'Yes, not mine be done—but I will try—.' His Lordship did indeed make several efforts to speak, but could only repeat two or three words at a time; such as, 'My wife! my child! my sister! you know all—you must say all—you know my wishes;' the rest was quite unintelligible. A consultation was now held (about noon) when it was determined to administer some Peruvian bark and wine. My master had now been nine days without any sustenance whatever, except what I have already mentioned. With the exception of a few words, which can only interest those to whom they were addressed, and which, if required, I shall communicate to themselves, it was impossible to understand anything his Lordship said after taking the bark. He expressed a wish to sleep. I at one time asked whether I should call Mr. Parry? to which he replied, 'Yes, you may call him.' Mr. Parry desired him to compose himself. He shed tears, and apparently sank into a slumber. Mr. Parry went away, expecting to find him refreshed on his return—but it was the commencement of the lethargy preceding his death. The last words I heard my master utter were at six o'clock on the evening of the 18th, when he said. 'I must sleep now;' upon which he laid down, never to rise again! for he did not move hand or foot during the following twenty-four hours. His Lordship appeared, however, to be in a state of suffocation at intervals, and had a frequent rattling in the throat; on these occasions, I called Tita to assist me in raising his head, and I thought he seemed to get quite stiff. The rattling and choking in the throat took place every half hour; and we continued to raise his head whenever the fit came on, till six o'clock in the evening of the 19th, when I saw my master open his eyes and then shut them, but without showing any symptom of pain, or moving hand or foot. 'Oh, my God!' I exclaimed, 'I fear his Lordship is gone!' The doctors then felt his purse, and said, 'You are right—he is gone.'"

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

Haymarket.

On Tuesday evening, a new comic opera was produced at this house, entitled *The Alcaid or the Secrets of Office*. The general idea is trite, consisting in little more than an exposure of the folly and self-conceit of an old Magistrate, who, conceiving himself acquainted with all the intrigues and scandal of the town over which he presides, and also the idol of his wife and family, is deceived by every individual with whom he comes in contact, and by every member of his said family in particular. His own deputy in office, on whom he intends to bestow his niece in marriage, is secretly treasuring up his faults and weaknesses, in order to supersede him; his faithful secretary, a sort of *Figaro*, assists the whole family to blind him; his niece is in love without his knowledge; his son, whom he presumes to be a modest youth over-devoted to study, serenades and intrigues under his very nose; his all-acquiescent wife pursues her own pleasures unknown to him; and lastly, as he will allow no woman to follow his servants, his own valet is secretly married. Without much novelty, there is abundance of comic material in all this, although almost exclusively of the Spanish balcony and pantomimic kind. The great defect, however, is in the arrangement and concoction; all is in parts, and there is no regular development—a defect which in this sort of comedy is the more conspicuous, as it is usually destitute of force in the delineation of character, and rests principally upon stage effect and a dextrous arrangement of sequence. Owing to this defect, and to lengthiness without the due proportion of business, *The Alcaid* certainly dragged on its first representation, in spite of some very pleasant dialogue and excellent acting. What is worse than all, the *denouement* was also very flat.—a fault which unhappily seems to grow upon modern dramatists. We believe that *The Alcaid* is an adopted transplantation, which probably accounts for the greater part of the deficiencies alluded to, from which however Mr. Kenny is usually more exempt than his contemporaries, who are exceedingly apt to forget the due succession of beginning, middle, and end, with the necessity of a correspondent growth of interest from the one to the other. With a little improvement in this respect, and a due curtailment, *The Alcaid* may amuse for the season; for its music,—by Mr. Nathan, we believe,—if not very characteristic or particularly striking, is at least pleasing; and the efforts of Miss Paton and Madame Vestris gave it much effect in the leading songs, most of which were vociferously encored.

In respect to performance, it will readily be taken for granted, that the aged and self-conceited Magistrate was given to Mr. W. Farren, who acted the amorous old dotard,—for such is the Spanish *Mr. Justice Overdo*,—with his usual finish; but of course having nothing but hackneied generalities to represent, he could be general only. What, in fact, can be bestowed at this time of day upon the usual old gentleman of the stage with a colt's tooth in his head?—Nothing new, certainly.

Mr. Secretary Liston exhibited the adroitness and aptitude of the *Figaro* class of intrigue with extreme ease and nonchalance, but wanted business exceedingly. He seemed, like Alexander, to pant for more difficulties to accomplish. The best part of the writing and nearly all the wit, however, fell to his share, and was made the most of.

Harley performed the silly servant, who is secretly married and—owing to a few cross-purposes—exceedingly jealous. He made as much of it as could be made of a mere outline. His dolefully humourous song in the *Billy Lackaday* style was loudly called for a second time, and repeated.

Madame Vestris, as the amorous and frolicksome son of the *Alcaid*, acted and sang with great spirit. This lady is now so identified with the stripling Juans, Narcissuses, and Medoros of the stage, that she seems to us to be more disguised by her feminine drapery than her male attire. In her present character, she scarcely seemed the bold assailant for a widow, which is the part assigned to her; although, in truth, we are not quite sure that smooth-faced Adonises have not frequently hit the taste of ladies to whom that lonely title belongs.

In reference to acting, Miss Paton, having nothing given her to do, could do nothing. The airs assigned to her she sang with great power and sweetness. One of them, a bravura, drew down very emphatic applause, and exhibited a brilliancy of execution which duly merited it.

The parts given to Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Garrick, Mrs. C. Jones, Mrs. Gibbs, and the remaining males, were of too trifling a nature to dwell upon; but the little to be done was very well done. A country dance in which the principal of the *dramatis personæ* joined, was too long; and the apprehensive imaginations of the audience were startled in a single instance by a species of equivoque which, as *Pompey* in *Measure for Measure* observes, did "in some sort smack." A young woman applies to his Worship for a passport, and is shown with much significance and chuckling into an inner apartment, to which the sage Magistrate apparently repairs with very ambiguous intentions. Some marks of censure were bestowed upon this slight approximation to ancient licence which, we doubt not, in conformity with the existing delicacy of the purest of people, will be forthwith modified. To conclude: without leading claims in any department, and although below Mr. Kenny, *The Alcaid* is passable.

Q.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.

Tuesday, August 10.

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED.

W. H. Boutevile, Aldersgate-street, goldsmith, from Aug. 14 to Aug. 31.
R. Cluet, Liverpool, soap-boiler, from Aug. 17 to Oct. 5.

BANKRUPTS.

G. Brown, Regent-street, upholsterer. Solicitors, Messrs. Fynmore and Co. Craven-street, Strand.
T. Barker, Medbourn, Leicester, corn-factor. Solicitors, Messrs. Holme and Co. New-inn.
J. Hair, Scotswood, Northumberland, lamp-black-manufacturer. Solicitors, Messrs. Bell and Brodrick, Bow Church-yard.
W. Batger, Henley-on-Thames, grocer. Solicitors, Mr. Maxon, Little Friday-street.
B. Matthews, Chamber-street, Goodman's-fields, victualler. Solicitors, Messrs. Evitt and Rixon, Haydon-square, Minories.

Saturday, August 14.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

J. N. Hiffernan, Alphington, Devonshire, starch-manufacturer.

BANKRUPTS.

G. Errington and C. D. Nichols, Croydon, dealers. Solicitor, Mr. Robinson, Walbrook.
J. Marshall, Black horse-yard, Gray's-inn-lane, box-maker. Solicitors, Messrs. Brace and Selby, Surrey street.
G. R. Phelps, Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, vellum-binder. Solicitors, Messrs. Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch-street.

J. Haskew, Cock-hill, Ratcliff, tobacco-manufacturer. Solicitor, Mr. Younger, Johnson-street, America-square.

R. Harding, Bristol, timber-merchant. Solicitors, Messrs. Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread street.

B. T. Dewe, Lechlade, Gloucestershire, mercer. Solicitors, Messrs. Meggison and Poole, Gray's Inn.

THE FUNDS.—There is little variation in Consols since last week; but the difference, such as it is, exhibits advance. In the Foreign Market some briskness of demand has been experienced for Spanish Bonds, in consequence of an idea that FERDINAND would be under the necessity of partially admitting them after all. We are not aware of any ground for this expectation. Some considerable purchases have also been made of Mexican Bonds. Peruvian Scrip remains at nominal discount of 18½; little having been effected by the fabricated victory of Bolivar. Latest quotations:—

Four per Cents. 101¼ ⅜	Consols, 93⅝ ¾
New ditto, 100⅝	Consols for Account, 93⅞ 94
Reduced, 94¼ ⅜	

FOREIGN SECURITIES.

Buenos Ayres Scrip, 1 pr.	Danish Marks Banco, 99½
Chilian Bonds,	Russian Bonds, 1822, 96½ ¾ ⅞
Ditto Account, 79	Spanish Consols, 22¼ 2 ½
Colombian Bonds, 81½	Ditto, 5to Bonds, 22½
Ditto Scrip, 4½ dis.	Spanish Consols, 1823, 17½ ⅝ ¼ ½
Mexican Bonds, 52⅜ ½ ⅝	Anglo-Mexican Mines, 6 pr.
Ditto Account, 52⅜	French Rentes, 101 f. 25 c. 75 c.
Prussian Bonds, 99½	Exchange, 25 f. 20 c.
Prusian Bonds, 1822, 97½ ¾	Ditto Scrip, 13½ ⅝ ½ pr.
Ditto Account, 97½	Ditto Account, 13½ ⅝ pr.

R.'s Communication in our next.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, AUGUST 15.

THE principal foreign news of the past week is such as will produce considerable anxiety among the friends of social freedom. Letters were on Tuesday morning received from Smyrna with the intelligence that Ipsara was taken by the Turkish expedition under the Capitan Pacha on the morning of the 3rd of July. Nothing can be more contradictory than the various accounts given of an attack and surrender, which nevertheless, we are sorry to add, are undoubted. According to the Smyrna letters, the Capitan Pacha sent in two flags of truce, promising a full and free pardon to the Islanders if they would lay down their arms. The first, it is said, was sent back with a message, that sooner than submit every man was determined to die; and as to the second, he is reported to have been insulted with the deprivation of half his beard, and then made the bearer of a similar defiance. All this detail may be very much suspected, wearing in no small degree the appearance of Smyrna commercial painting, in order to colour whatever may happen of subsequent barbarity on the part of the Turks. Be this as it may, it is asserted that while a feigned attack was made on the batteries on one side of Ipsara, 14,000 men were landed on the other; when the flight became general, and the Capitan Pacha, seeing himself master of the Island, in order to stop the effusion of blood, offered a reward for the preservation of the captive Greeks. It is stated that ten or twelve of the Greek armed vessels were captured by the Turks, and that a surrender took place of sixteen or eighteen more. The Island of Samos, in consequence of this blow, immediately sent in its submission. Such is the tenor of the first intelligence, which, we have already observed, has been followed up by very opposite statements of the manner in which the Islanders resisted; some of them asserting that they fought with extreme desperation, and others, that they exhibited cowardice, and were only intent on flight. The following extract of a letter from Zante, dated the 18th of July, which appears in the *Journal des Debats*, gives the most recent statement, and a very barbarous result is asserted. According to this account, treachery has led to so rapid a calamity:—

(Private Correspondence.)

"ZANTE, JULY 18.—On the 4th, at five in the morning, the advance guard of the Turkish fleet steered towards the road: the batteries were silent. The forts occupied by the Schypetars hoisted the Turkish flag. The Christians rushed to this quarter, and found the cannons had been nailed up during the night, by traitors, who fired upon their coreligionists. *Tout est perdu, sauve qui peut!* On this cry, the sailors of Ipsara commenced a terrible fire against the Turks, whose large vessels, for want of depth, were not able to approach. All the Christians who presented themselves were embarked; some vessels got away. At eight in the morning the Osmanlis effected a landing, and the treacherous Schypetars were their first victims. The Greeks who were not able to embark gained the mountains. The city was fired, and the whole of the 4th of July passed in battles and massacres. On the 5th the Capitan Pacha proclaimed that he would grant 500 piastres to whoever would bring him a prisoner alive. Useless promise! the tigers were unmuzzled. On the 6th and 7th of July they continued to slaughter. On the 8th, Khoreb blew up the forts of Ipsara; 7,300 heads of women, old men, and children, were appended to the yards and masts of his vessels! The Ambassadors of the Christian powers ought not to await the arrival of these glorious trophies of barbarism at Constantinople.

"(NOTE of the Editor of the *Journal des Debats.*)—We are informed that the greatest consternation reigns at Constantinople among Christians of every persuasion. The Consul, Minziaki, who permitted vessels bearing the Russian flag to be freighted for Ipsara, transporting thither the Osmanlis, who immediately became bathed in the blood of Christians, has been very harshly thought of even by the Turks."

Little need be observed in regard to the foregoing melancholy statement; for melancholy it certainly is. Without going any great way to decide the quarrel, it tends to paralyse all places which are not absolutely impregnable, and to vindicate surrender when much resistance might be made. Thus the island of Caxo and various points in Candia, it is said, have submitted to the fleet of the Pacha of Egypt. In short, the hour of momentous peril to the Greeks has arrived; and the interested and unnatural Christian enmity which opposes them, as well as the general love of liberty and generous social sympathy which are anxious for their success, look with much impatience to the result of this great Turkish armament, the formidable nature of which, it is clear, the recent accounts of the Greeks—possibly with defensible policy—have very materially concealed. If true to itself, however, we still rely upon Grecian spirit, especially in the Morea; and even indulge a hope that this very misfortune, by exposing all the extent of the danger, may tend to concentrate the energies, and ensure the union, which can alone bring about a satisfactory result. We are glad to hear, that either in consequence of the justifiable threats of the Greeks, or of orders from home, British merchantmen are to be no longer hired for the conveyance of Turkish troops and ammunition. The epithet of *filthy* lucre was never more fitly applied than to the gain of the animals employed in a service of this nature.

We have another disagreeable announcement, which however is not bad, but only the negative of good; that is to say, the reported victory of BOLIVAR is discovered to be an able but unprincipled fabrication. The imposture was ingeniously managed, as on the face of the intelligence no sort of incongruity or internal evidence of falsehood was discoverable. The contemptible source of the deception is publicly mentioned; and we have reason to believe that, after all, the jobbing harvest produced by it has been very highly productive.

The other foreign news of the week is scarcely worth mentioning. That French and Spanish soldiers should be quarrelling and cutting each others' throats in Spain, is intelligence, the disagreeable nature of which may be borne; and we begin to lose all sensation at the BOURBON seizure of newspapers which displease them, as the Charter, in regard to the press, has from the first been openly violated in France. In the present instance, this magnanimous government could not stand the publication of NAPOLEON'S Will from the English newspapers, and confiscated the whole impression of the *Courier François* which contained it. Whatever the faults of NAPOLEON, his supersedors, in comparison of him, are miserable mannikins! The new French Ministry seems entirely settled. We must not forget to observe, that these papers state that an agreement took place with the Algerines on the 22d July, and that our blockade broke up on the 26th.

Intelligence has arrived this week from Jamaica, the tenor of which, although disagreeable, is in the highest degree natural; for from the period of the abolition of the Slave Trade, Negro insubordination has become part of an unavoidable progress. The satisfaction of a settled population of slaves is clearly impossible; constant importation of new cargoes of ignorance and barbarity can alone uphold pent-up slavery for a continuance. The recent information is, that on more than one estate the Negroes have revolted, and set fire to the *trash* houses; and that no less than from 50 to 100 have deserted, joined the Maroons in the woods, and are doing their best to excite others to follow their example. Several of these miserable creatures have been taken, and more than one of them, rather than meet a trial, have furiously ripped up their own bowels! A consciousness that this spirit is very general among the Negroes all over the island, produces a very gloomy sensation in Jamaica; and, as usual, WILBERFORCE and the Abolitionists are made to answer for results which the example of St. Domingo and the nature of things render obviously in course. It is evident that the Planters themselves ought to precede the very men whom they censure in something much resembling

the career which they recommend. This however will not be done at present for want of will, and in future for want of power. It is the history of all tottering domination, to whom the coming event seldom casts a shadow before; who march to their termination with all the obstinacy of fatalism, and all the infatuation produced by incurable prejudice and unprofitable experience.

Effect of Prosecuting Anti-Religious Books.—It is said, and we believe with truth, that the sale of Paine's and Palmer's works at Mr. Carlile's shop, did not exceed 300 copies in the six months preceding the late cruel and stupid prosecutions, but that in the three weeks immediately subsequent, there were 3000 copies sold. The fact is, the people of England are now too enlightened and enquiring to submit to the suppression of books on the mere *fiat* of authority. The struggle produces infinite injustice, suffering, and ill-blood; but there can only be one result—the defeat of the Intolerants. Setting aside even the spirit of martyrdom which the *Saints* and the *Recorder* rouse in the minds of the converts of Paine and Carlile, the persecuting folly has made the traffic in infidel works so *profitable*, that there can be no lack of publishing agents while there are so many thousands of unemployed and starving poor. That book of Palmer's, about which so much fuss has been made, the *Principles of Nature*, is a heap of declamatory common-place, without either originality or ingenuity, and written in a bad style:—not a hundred copies of it would ever have been sold, unless it had been peppered and devilled with the *sauce piquante* of persecution. Gentlemen of the Society for the Suppression of Vice—can impartial men, seeing these effects, help suspecting, that your pretended zeal for the protection of the poor and ignorant from infidelity, is in fact, either a cover for your own intolerant spirit, or a hypocritical affectation of pious enthusiasm for the most worldly objects?

Austrian Mercy!—A private letter from Frankfort states, that the Emperor of Austria had, in his *mercy*, commuted the penalty of death, pronounced last year by the Supreme Tribunal of Verona, against certain individuals for high treason, to *Twenty Years' Solitary Imprisonment* in the fortress of Spitzberg.

Jerome Buonaparte arrived on the 29th ult. at Vienna, under the title of Prince de Montford, conferred upon him by the late King of Wurtemberg.

When the Alien Bill was last under discussion in Parliament, Mr. Peel described it as an essential mitigation of that arbitrary and unconstitutional measure, that all such foreigners as could prove a seven years' "residence" in the United Kingdom, would be thenceforward released from its grasp. The Minister took full credit for this indulgence—and we are willing to believe that he did not intend the clause as a merely colourable, but as a *bonâ fide* provision on behalf of a certain class of aliens; it is, therefore, as much to bring the subject under Mr. Peel's consideration as under the public notice, that we state at once, the manner in which the spirit of this amended law has been violated. A merchant in the city of London having called within these few days at the Alien Office, to take out his certificate as a seven years' resident in England, was asked whether he could undertake to say that, during the period of seven years, he had never been *for a single day* out of the kingdom. The gentleman was unable to carry his declaration so far, and was refused his certificate. It is to be observed, that for *nine* years past this foreigner has carried on business, and has during that time rented constantly a dwelling-house and counting-house in London. In order, therefore, to establish the correctness of the meaning assigned to the term "residence" by the Alien Office, it must be laid down that an expedition to Calais by one steam-boat, and a return by the next, will work a defeazance of the new clause in the bill, and reinstate the Secretary of the Home Department in the full plenitude of that absolute power over Aliens which he professed with such exemplary temper and moderation to abandon.—*Times.*

It is whispered in the fashionable circles, that a tour on the Continent is contemplated by His Majesty in the course of the approaching autumn.—*Times.*

The independent burgesses of Colchester are on the alert to make the necessary arrangements to secure the independence of the borough at the next General Election, which will take place in the course of next year.—*Times.*

English Opera House.—The indisposition of Miss Povey, on Tuesday last, led to the introduction of Miss Holdaway to the character of *Leonora* in the *Padlock*, the songs in which were delivered in a style to justify the very liberal applause bestowed on her by the audience. The Bird song, "Say, little, foolish, fluttering thing," and, "Was I a Shepherd's Maid, to keep," were very warmly, and no less deservedly applauded. The Manager would perhaps do well to afford this delightful Vocalist every opportunity of prominently displaying the excellencies of talent which she unquestionably possesses. Miss Holdaway, on Friday, took Miss Povey's part in *Der Freischutz*, and gave the appropriate airs with such delightful effect, as gained her a most bountiful share of applause from the audience.

The most interesting *crim. con.* cause which has occupied the attention of the *babblers* in the fashionable coteries for the last ten days, will occupy public attention after the long vacation. It relates to the wife of a *corner of cushion* and a *buttress of consols*, and a descendant of the *great* [illegible] in the cause of civil and religious liberty.—*Daily Paper.*

Lord Huntingdon.—The Earl of Huntingdon has not been fortunate enough to command the affections of the white people of Dominica, of which island he was two or three years ago appointed Governor. We gather from the colonial newspaper, that for some cause not particularly stated, a resolution was adopted by Government at home, to recall his Lordship from Dominica. The agent for the island having discovered the intention of Ministers, announced it to the Committees of Correspondence; and, somehow or other, the intelligence so mortifying to the Governor got into the *Dominica Gazette*. The printer being called before the House of Assembly, declared that the copy of the agent's letter had been supplied to him by a Mr. Hobson—one of those who had signed a petition to remove Lord Huntingdon from the government. Now, what follows, is alleged on the authority of the colonial journals, not on ours, for we can scarcely credit such a story. It is alleged that about a fortnight after this discovery of Mr. Hobson's instrumentality towards the promulgation of the letter, his Lordship notified officially the fact, of his having "dismissed Mr. Hobson from the Magistracy, and erased his name from the Commission of the Peace!" If the account be true, the noble lord may, by possibility, be able to assign some motive for his treatment of this magistrate, less dishonourable, and more lawful, than that of personal vengeance. It was not in his capacity as a magistrate that Mr. Hobson had petitioned for a change of Governors, or that he had communicated a document announcing the prospect of such a change. In his magisterial character, therefore, it is quite obvious, that according to law or justice, Mr. Hobson had not made himself liable to dismissal, or to any other punishment. Lord Huntingdon, we acknowledge, may have reasons in reserve, of a nature to exculpate him from the serious charge of executing a great public trust in the spirit of private animosity: but his Lordship is bound to bring forward those reasons, or he must sink under the burden of suspicions which it is disgraceful ever to have excited. As a nobleman, Lord Huntingdon's career has been but short: he was a barrack-master in Ireland on some 200*l.* per annum, when a Learned Counsel, since deceased, made out the claims of Mr. Hastings to this ancient peerage. His Lordship's next exhibition was as a Judge upon her late Majesty, when his votes went uniformly on a particular side of the question. He was, not long afterwards (as we are informed) gazetted a Post-Captain in the navy, in which he had been originally bred—was appointed to a frigate—was promoted to be a Governor—but whether with any disposition to extend the discipline of a man-of-war to an island, we shall not venture to pronounce.—*Times.*

Important to the Coal Trade.—On Thursday, the attention of the Commissioners of the Court of Requests, Westminsters, was engaged for a considerable time upon a subject of much public interest. Mr Bradfield, a coal-merchant of Derby-Street, appeared to a summons, issued at the complaint of Mr. Tullock, one of the principal coal-meters for Westminster, for refusing the payment of 1s. under the Act, for inspection of five chaldron and one vat of coals, Pool measure, and delivered by gang labour (by which is understood the carriage from the coal barge by men to the purchaser's premises). Mr. Tullock's Clerk appeared in support of the claim, which he stated was founded on the 95th section of the General Coal Act, which allows the meter the sum sued for. Mr. Bradfield resisted the payment, upon a clause in the 96th section of the Act, which empowers purchasers to dispense with metage if they please, when the coals are delivered by gang labour. Mr. Bradfield strongly pressed the absurdity of supposing that any purchaser, having a confidence in his coal-merchant, must necessarily pay a meter for their inspection; and in the present instance the demand was most unreasonable. It is the duty of the meter to attend from five in the morning until nine at night. On last Friday Mr. Bradfield publicly gave notice at Mr. Capper's wharf, that on the following day, at half-past four in the afternoon, he would require the coals to be delivered, and requested Mr. Capper to engage the men. Accordingly, on the following day, after three chaldron of coals were delivered, the meter, who had been absent altogether from the wharf, made his appearance, and insisted on being paid, as if he had attended during the entire delivery. The Commissioners (independently of the clause upon which Mr. Bradfield generally rested his case) dismissed the complaint, as it appeared that the meter was guilty of a gross dereliction of duty in not attending during the hours specified.—The Court was crowded to excess, and the decision gave general satisfaction. Surely the conduct of Mr. Tullock and his man Taylor is not sanctioned by the Lords of the Treasury, and we should hope not by Mr. Lushington, who promises the public so much melioration in regard to the fiscal laws.

Correction.—In reference to the Case in our last, of the ill-treatment of several children by *Mrs. Wicks*, we are requested by Mr. Levitt Heading Hunt, 38, Charles-street, Westminster, the father of *Frederick Hunt*, one of the infants, to state that the child was taken to the school by a female, not by "some man;" that it was paid for weekly, not "occasionally;" that it was visited every week by the parents and relations; and that it was not placed in the hands of Mrs. Wicks till the parents had received a good character of that individual; all which Mr. H. is prepared to verify on oath at the ensuing trial.

Dignity of the British Peerage—Sandwich and Somerset.—"You would imagine that the British peers have given their names to beneficent institutions, wise laws, and flourishing colonies: no such thing: instead of which, a slice of meat between two slices of bread derives its name from one, a tumble of heels over head, a feat performed by beggar-boys on the road, from another. Others divide their titles with a waistcoat, a hat or a boot; the more illustrious with some island inhabited by sea-calves."—*Landor's Conversations.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET FROM THE ITALIAN OF UGO FOSCOLO.

No—never shall I press the sacred shore
Mine infant limbs were wont to stretch along,
Mine own Zacynthos! nor behold thee more
Glassed in the Greek sea, from whose billows sprung
The Virgin Goddess, when the rude isles bore
Their glowing fruits at her first smile, which hung
Thy woods and skies with that immortal dower
Of loveliness, which he hath harped who sung
The fatal tempests and the varied lot
Through which the famed and woe-worn wanderer,
Ulysses, hailed stern Ithaca at last:
Thine are my songs, my mother earth, but not
My bones, for ever from thy bosom cast,
Fate hath decreed an unwept sepulchre.

SONNET FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

Beautiful bird! that in the twilight singing,
Strayest beneath the dark and wintry sky,
Mourning the dreams around thy spirit clinging
With the reflected light of days gone by;
Oh! could'st thou know my griefs, in secret springing,
Even as thine own, how swiftly would'st thou fly
Here—to this desolate heart!—some solace bringing
Each, by dividing what in each may lie:
I know not if the lots would equal be,
For she may live that draws thine inward tears,
Which envious heaven and death deny to me;
But the dear season, and the day's decline,
With memory of sweet and bitter years,
Invite my soul to sympathy with thine.

NEWSPAPER CHAT.

Bath Company.—The intention of this Company is to construct Bathing Establishments in various parts of London and its vicinity, from designs which, it is said, will do honour to the architecture of the kingdom; those at the west end of the town to be on a scale of great magnificence. It is said that the Company has already advanced far towards the attainment of its object; and it is calculated that several of these Bathing Establishments will be completed by the next season.

Several of the steam packets have lately left London for Margate, with upwards of 400 passengers. Till within these few years, this aquatic excursion frequently occupied two days and nights, the passengers seldom exceeding 60. The *Eclipse* on Tuesday performed the passage from Margate to the Tower, with 247 persons, independent of those belonging to the vessel, in less than eight hours and a half.

An old lady in this town, of the age of 86, who had lost all her teeth several years ago, has, to the astonishment of her friends, cut six new teeth within these few months, and, as may be supposed, enjoys no small satisfaction in being able once more to bite a crust. But there is an old gentleman living not many doors from her, upwards of 97 years of age, who has not lost one of his teeth, and is able to crack the hardest sea biscuit. What is still more remarkable, he can read and write without the aid of spectacles. About three years ago, we took occasion to mention that there were six persons living within a few doors of each other, whose united ages amounted to 508 years; but the two above-mentioned alone remain to tell the adventures of the notable year of 45.—*Dumfries Journal.*

New Mode of Milking Cows.—I have seen a cow evacuate the whole of her milk by the following simple contrivance. A rye straw was introduced into the orifice of each teat, through which the milk flowed spontaneously in an uninterrupted stream, until the udder was completely emptied. In five minutes, between five and six quarts were drawn off. After the straws were withdrawn, the udder was collapsed and empty, and not a spoonful of milk could be obtained by the efforts of the hand. It is well known to anatomists, that the numerous milk tubes or canals are so formed as to communicate with each other, and all terminate at the extremity of the teat, and the milk is retained by a power similar to the contraction of a sphincter muscle. The straw, or any tube being introduced, removes the contraction mechanically, and allows the milk to flow freely. The discovery of this novel process was reserved for a simple rustic boy in the town of Middleburgh.—*American Paper.*

The Royal Palaces.—It is stated that Carlton House is to be pulled down, and an elegant square built on its scite, opening to the Park, so as form an agreeable termination to the new street. It is also mentioned that a new palace is to be erected for his Majesty at the end of the Mall, in St. James's Park—the present Queen's House, as it is called, to form one of the wings.—*Daily Paper.*

Duel.—A meeting took place on Saturday week, on Kennington-common, between a Mr. S. and a Mr. G. Each gentleman had his second, and a surgeon was in attendance. The party met exactly at four o'clock; the ground was immediately measured; the gentlemen then received their pistols, and, on a signal given, they fired, and the ball of Mr. S. grazed the shoulder of Mr. G. The seconds then endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation, but to no effect. Mr. S. remained inflexible. The pistols were again delivered; they fired again, and Mr. G immediately fell, the ball having entered his right side, a little above the hip. Mr. S. then approached him, when Mr. G., taking him by the hand, begged his forgiveness, owning himself in fault. The circumstances that led to this meeting were said to be as follows:—About a month ago, an anonymous letter was sent to a young lady to whom Mr. S. was paying his addresses, defaming his character; in consequence of which Mr. S. determined never to let the matter rest until he found out this secret enemy to his peace. After the most diligent enquiry, he discovered him in the person of Mr. G. A challenge was immediately given, and thus Mr. G. met with the result described. Mr. G. is undergoing severe suffering, though, in the surgeon's opinion, there is no fear that the wound will prove mortal.

A duel was lately fought at the College, at Caen, between two French lads, respectively of 17 and 18 years of age, for which purpose they took the buttons off their fencing foils, and, after a few passes, they both lunged with such effect, that the foils passed through their bodies; one died instantly, and the other in four hours.

Italian Joke.—A Venetian, who died not long since, made a provision of torches for his funeral, artificially loaded with crackers; anticipating, to a confidential friend, the hubbub that would result from the explosion, which he had calculated must take place in the most inconvenient spots. This posthumous joke verified the most sanguine expectations of its projector.

In 1778, Herrissant, a French philosopher, enclosed three toads in boxes, and covered the boxes with plaster of Paris, to the complete exclusion of air. He then deposited the boxes at the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, and in 18 months afterwards they were opened. Two of the toads were found living and one dead. Unfortunately the dimensions of the boxes have not been recorded. Dr. Edwards, from whose writings we have taken this account, lately made some experiments of a similar nature; and he seems to have proved, that whatever care may be taken completely to bury a toad in plaster, the air will penetrate; that it is transmitted through the material, which is probably also the case when toads have been known to live enclosed in stones and wood, and that when these animals are completely excluded from the air, by the interposition of water or mercury, they speedily die.—*The Chemist.*

The French Political Quack and Ex-Minister, Chateaubriand,—who has gained a certain degree of celebrity, by a certain degree of real talent in his novel entitled *Attala*, and still more by the caprice of his religious opinions,—who has affirmed, in his work on Christianity, that God is the Great Old Bachelor of the Universe,—Chateaubriand, an emigrant, who resided several years in England, where he was treated with a part at least of that respect which is due to the exiled and unfortunate stranger,—this Chateaubriand, to characterise an English audience at a theatre, has instanced a sailor drinking punch in the pit. Were this a solitary mistake, it might be forgiven, even in a man of talent and observation; but those who shall read his letters on the English nation, inserted in *Le Mercure*, An. X. will find a multitude of similar traits.—*Holcroft's Travels*, 1804.

Italian Women.—Italy and England are undoubtedly possessed of a greater share of female beauty than any other country in Europe. But the English and Italian beauties, although both interesting, are very different from one another. The former are unrivalled for the delicacy and bloom of their complexions, the smoothness and mild expression of their features, their modest carriage, and the cleanliness of their persons and dress; these are qualities which strike every foreigner at his landing. On my first arrival in England, I was asked by a friend how I liked the English women; to which I replied that I thought them all handsome. This is the first impression they produce. There is an air of calmness and pensiveness about them, which surprises and interests particularly a native of the South. They seem to look, if I may apply to them the fine lines of one of their living poets—

With eyes so pure, that from the ray
Dark vice would turn abash'd away;
* * * * * *
Yet fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds, with all the bliss
The fond weak tenderness of this.

The Italian beauties are of a different kind. Their features are more regular, more animated; their complexions bear the marks of a warmer sun, and their eyes seem to participate of its fires; there carriage is graceful and noble; they have generally good figures; they are not indeed angelic forms, but they are earthly Venuses. It has been supposed by some, that the habitual view of those models of ideal beauty, the Greek statues, with which Italy abounds, may be an indirect cause conducing to the general beauty of the sex; be that as it may, I think the fine features and beautiful forms of the Italian fair have a great influence upon the minds of young artists, and this is perhaps one of the principal reasons why Italy has so long excelled in figure painters. A handsome female countenance, animated by the expression of the soul, is among the finest works of nature; the sight of it elevates the mind, and kindles the sparks of genius. Raphael took the models of his charming Madonnas from nature. Titian, Guido, Carucci, and others, derived their ideas of female beauty from the exquisite countenances so frequent in their native country.—*Italy in the 19th Century.*

A brewer at Paris has lately produced a species of porter, the excellence of which is highly vaunted in one of the French journals. The notice of it is headed, "Another conquest over England!" and it is confidently predicted that this new invention will soon supersede all other malt beverage throughout Europe!

METHOD OF SAVING THREE SHILLINGS.—A labourer of Bridgwater having been severely scolded by his wife for neglecting his work, endeavoured to appease her wrath by informing her that he had, since the morning, saved 3*s.*; having drank at one of the illegal cider shops, twelve quarts of cider, at 3*d.* per quart, for which, had he drank it at an inn, he must have paid 6*d.*—*Bath Journal.*

A Philadelphia paper relates the following laughable occurrence:—A prisoner in the bar at the Mayor's Court in that city being called on to plead to an indictment for larceny, was told by the Clerk to hold up his right hand.—The man immediately held up his left hand. "Hold up your *right* hand," said the Clerk. "Plase your Honour," said the culprit, still keeping his left hand up, "Plase your Honour, I am left-handed."

Much has been justly said relative to the order recently issued, prohibiting persons from carrying small bundles or parcels through St. James's Park. The order, it is now stated, was altogether misunderstood by a few of the sentinels; for it only prohibits *large* baskets or parcels.

BIBLE SOCIETIES.—The printing of bibles may be of some good to the printer, and can produce no harm to the people—for, if the full of the Vatican be printed, few will be read; it is absolutely throwing money into the sea. But gross as the humbug is, perhaps there is no part of the delusion more egregious than the sapient plan of printing Irish Bibles. With all our nationality, and we have our share, we should not wish for the revival of the Irish language as a vernacular idiom. The day is for ever passed, in which it can be made the language of letters or of politics.—While it continues, which may be for a few centuries, it will be the language of the peasantry alone. If it could be revived, we admit that the Bible Societies have adopted the best plan; conceding, for the argument sake, that the people would take the Irish Bible, and could read it.—But the Bible they will not take; let these societies rave and prate as much as they like. Supposing, however, that they did accept the boon, could they read Irish? Reading Irish is a sort of learning (and we can assert it on the authority of Irish scholars) which a man who can speak the language finds it very difficult to accomplish. Very few, indeed, if any, of the Irish poor who can read, can read Irish. The Missionaries themselves acknowledge that there are no books in the language, and, of course, it is not taught as a written dialect—we mean at schools. The truth is, that such of the peasantry as can read (and they are by no means so inconsiderable as our British friends seem to think) read English and English only. The Bible Societies might as well supply the Irish peasantry with Sanscrit or Hebrew Bibles as with Irish ones. But, indeed, if every peasant in Ireland could read the Sacred Text in the Irish language, not one in ten thousand of them would accept of it at the hands of a proselytizing society. It is throwing money away, therefore—yet even to this we would have no objection—if it did not tend to propagate delusion. These and similar societies stand in the way of rational improvement. They put the people of England, who are every day becoming more fanatical and superstitious, on the wrong scent. If half the zeal which is shown by these worthy persons in their foolish efforts to convert the people to Protestanism, was manifested in any practical scheme of amelioration, we should soon begin to experience the benefits of their exertions.—*Dublin Evening Post.*

MILITARY INSOLENCE.—It is injudicious that the Commander-in-Chief should suffer troops to march through the Strand and up Pall-mall, on the narrow flagging, in double files, thrusting all descriptions of people, whether male or female, well dressed or ill dressed, off the flags into the kennel, without adding to such injudiciousness that of which our letters complain. The rude manner in which the marching through the streets is effected would surprise his Royal Highness, if he, like the great mass, were compelled to walk. We have too frequently seen elegantly dressed ladies, and well-dressed men, thrust off the flagging into the coachway, even on a muddy place, by soldiers, in their passage from the Bank and other public offices, down Cheapside, Fleet-street, the Strand, and up Pall-mall, to St. James's barracks. We should much like that the Duke, accompanied by an elegantly-dressed female, appeared in the situation we have described, on a dirty day, such as is often experienced in London; and that neither the commanding officer of the guards or the soldiers should know the Duke, and that the soldiers should thrust him and the elegantly-dressed lady, into the mud. The Duke might then have some faint idea of the hatred such treatment necessarily excites. But it is one of the misfortunes attending royalty, that in general it knows but little of what is passing in the world. It is supported in splendour—it rolls along in its showy carriages—scarcely knows how to walk, it is so unused to it—it is surrounded by parasites and flatterers, whose only motive for flattering, even to fawning and sycophancy, is to wheedle royalty out of as many good things as are to be obtained. We recommend the Duke to give these grievances a serious consideration—first, to insist that the soldiers, in passing through the streets of London, shall march in single files and keep to the right; and, secondly, we would recommend the Duke, to perambulate occasionally St James's Park disguised, so that the soldiers should not recognise him, and be his own judge as to the rough manner in which they stop decent females in damp weather, and force them to take off their pattens, as well as the rude mode in which they turn people back, merely because they may have a bundle, a bag, or a few books under their arm. We have often been delighted, when reading the Arabian Nights, at the description given of the Caliphs and their Viziers going about Bagdad and other places in disguise, in order to see with their own eyes what their understrappers were doing. We would recommend the Duke to do the same thing.—*Herald.*

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—On Saturday, as a gentleman was sitting under the chancel of the abbey at Lincluden, admiring the beautiful scenery, he perceived a hawk pursuing a lark, which a little while before was making the woods re-echo with its melodious notes. In order to save the little fugitive, he shouted and clapped his hands, when immediately the lark descended, and alighted on his knee, nor did it offer to leave him when taken into the hand, but seemed confident of that protection which it had sought. The gentleman brought it in his hat to Dumfries; and, on going into his garden, gave the little warbler liberty.—*Daily Papers.*

LORD COCHRANE.—Though not handsome, Lord Cochrane has an expression of countenance which induces you, when you have looked once, to look again and again. It is variable as the feelings that pass within; but the most general look is that of great benevolence. His conversation, when he does break his ordinary silence, is rich and varied; on subjects connected with his profession, or his pursuits, clear and animated; and if ever I met with genius, I should say it was pre-eminent in Lord Cochrane. - - - - - - I should say he looks better than when I last saw him in England, although his life of exertion and anxiety has not been such as is in general favourable to the looks. How my heart yearned to think that when our own country lost his service, England,

"Like a base Ethiope, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his kind."

But he is doing honour to his native land, by supporting that cause which used to be hers; and in after ages his name will be among those of the household gods of the Chilenos.—*Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in Chile.*

FEMALE HEROISM.—Juana Maria Pola, of Santa Fé de Bogota, was a a woman whose husband, and brothers, and sons, were deeply engaged in the patriot cause. When Santa Fé was taken from the royalists, after the barracks of the infantry and cavalry had been seized, the patriots paused to collect numbers sufficient to attack the artillery; and then was that interval, when "the boldest held his breath for a time." Juana Maria found her sons among the troops who were awaiting the rest, "What do you do here?" said she. "I expect each moment to fight for *La Patria.*" "Kneel down, then, and take a mother's blessing. We women will go and receive the first fire, and over our bodies you shall march and take yonder cannon, and save your country." She blessed her son, and rushed on with the foremost, and the day was theirs. From that day she held a captain's pay and rank. But the royalists retook Santa Fé, and Juana Maria Pola was one of their first victims: she was led to the market-place and shot.—*Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in Chile.*

OLD ENGLISH POETRY.—Mr. Dolby has just commenced a cheap edition of the "*Poets of Great Britain,*" which he issues in weekly numbers in a very creditable style as regards paper, print, and general care. We see with pleasure, that he commences with *Chaucer*, because we are sure it wants nothing but the general perusal which this form and price will ensure, to remove the prejudice that frightens away so many even among reading people from the poetical treasures of the Father of English Bards;—we mean the groundless notion, that Chaucer cannot be read without almost the previous labour of learning a language. The editor of this edition has explained the few simple rules of spelling and pronunciation, by the help of which the modern reader may draw out the strong sense, and fine harmony too, of this great and original poet. No. 1 also contains a succinct view of the rude poetical efforts which preceded the reign of Edward the Third, and a comprehensive account of the scanty particulars which remain of the life of Chaucer, with a very respectable head of whom the No. is accompanied. The neat pocket-size has been chosen for the work, corresponding with the same publisher's British Theatre.

ENGLISH LAW.—"England, where more causes are tried within the year than in ten in Spain, has only twelve judges, criminal and civil, in her ordinary courts. A culprit, or indeed an innocent man, may be three months in prison before his trial, on suspicion of having stolen a petticoat or pair of slippers. As for her civil laws, they are more contradictory, more dilatory, more complicated, more uncertain, more expensive, more inhumane, than any now in use among men. All who appeal to them for redress of injury, suffer an aggravation of it; and when Justice comes down at last, she alights on ruins. Public Opinion is the only bulwark against oppression, and the voice of wretchedness is upon most occasions too feeble to excite it."—*Landor's Conversations.*

SONNET

ON A YOUTH WHO DIED OF EXCESSIVE FRUIT-PIE.

[*From the London Magazine.*]

CURRANTS have check'd the current of my blood,
And berries brought me to be buried here;
Pears have par'd off my body's hardihood,
And plums and plumbers spare not one so spare.
Fain would I feign my fall; so fair a fare
Lessens not hate, yet 'tis a lesson good:
Gilt will not long hide guilt; such thin wash'd ware
Wears quickly, and its rude touch soon is rued.
Grave on my grave some sentence grave and terse,
That lies not as it lies upon my clay,
But, in a gentle strain of unstrained verse,
Prays all to pity a poor putty's prey—
Rehearses I was fruitful to my hearse,
Tells that my days are told, and soon I'm toll'd away! N.

The brother of a Noble Duke is said to be the husband of a justly popular and scientific warbler. Report states the Lady to have been led to the hymeneal altar so long ago as March last, in the city of York.—*Daily Papers.*

LAW.

VICE-CHANCELLOR'S COURT.

Thursday, August 12.

CHANCERY DELAY.—SMITH *v.* STARKIE AND OTHERS.

In this case Mr. HEALD made various observations upon the delay in the proceedings. It was instituted in 1815, the testator having died in 1812, and from that time to the present no benefit had been derived by any of the parties, and although the testator's personal property amounted to 25,000*l.* and the rent of his estates to near 700*l.* per annum, yet not one shilling had been divided amongst the parties. The bill was filed by two persons of the name of Smith, the executors to the will, both of whom had since gone down to their graves without having accounted, against 18 defendants, legatees under the will, all of them in an humble class of life; several of these had also sunk into death, dying as they had lived—poor and distressed; leaving children with slender hopes that they, any more than their unfortunate parents, would ever derive any benefit from the bounty of their deceased relative, except through the possible chance that now that the matter would be brought under the immediate notice of the Court, some degree of despatch would be used.

Mr. HART said, he could satisfy the Court as to the cause of the delay. The testator was an illiterate man, who by industry had amassed a considerable property, which he bequeathed by a most complicated will, to a great number of legatees, whom, from their obscure situation in life, it occupied a large portion of time to discover. Annuities were left to some, which were all regularly paid. Then there was a question as to who were entitled to the residue; two or three abatements took place. Then the Vice Chancellor ordered the case to stand over; in the interval, another abatement took place; and thus one delay occasioned another. But he was sorry to hear the observations made by his Learned Friend, who had made an address to popular opinion, which would be seized on for the purpose of inflaming the public mind on a subject with which they were utterly unacquainted; although those who examined the system so loudly complained of, found *that it was not in human ingenuity to frame a system more calculated to do justice to all parties!* [Here nobody it should seem, laughed—perhaps from indignation.]

Mr. HEALD in his reply, very properly observed, that if the cause could not be dragged on quicker, then it was disgraceful to the country that such a Court should exist for one moment. I did speak of this delay as a ground of complaint; and so long as I wear this gown, I will ferret out such grounds of complaint; for the fault does not lie in the Court, or the judge, or the officers, or the counsel, but, forsooth, from the testator having left a complicated will! But, do the Judges shrink from their duty? Or do they say, we must take a winter's day to consider it? I here complain of a period of nine years having elapsed, and we do not yet even know whether or not a single shilling of those assets has been collected. I do complain of this. Is this cause to go on from age to age, the parties dying one after another, letters of administration and bills of revivor the only signals of their deaths, until the Solicitor only brings it to a close, that he may record the result upon their tombstone? Are such abuses as this to be tolerated? Why, it makes my blood tingle in my veins.

Lord GIFFORD said he was unwilling to make reflections on the conduct of solicitors, when it was not before him judicially; at the same time, great mischief arose from the same gentleman acting as Solicitor for parties with conflicting interests; nor could one help lamenting, that in a suit of this kind, commencing in 1815, a notice is served in 1824 of a motion to appoint a receiver. He would consider it, and if no alteration took place in his mind he should grant the order.

ASSIZES.

YORK, AUG. 6.—*Thomas Scothorpe*, aged 25, was put to the bar, charged with having, on Tuesday, the 1st of June, 1824, at Temple Hirst, in the parish of Birkin, in the West Riding, forcibly violated the person of Jane Rockett, the wife of John Rockett. Jane Rockett was then called, and deposed to certain facts, but refusing to describe the particulars of the rape, the case was stopped by the Learned Judge; the Jury returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*, and the Judge ordered the prisoner to be discharged immediately.

AUG 7.—MOLLOY *v.* SWALLOW THE YOUNGER.—This was an action for a breach of promise of marriage.—Mr. BROUGHAM stated the case. Sarah Molloy, the plaintiff, was the daughter of poor but respectable parents, living within six or seven miles of New Hall, the seat of the defendant's father. That individual was a person of great wealth, which he had acquired as an ironmonger. He was still living; but his son inherited a property under the will of a relation which he was instructed to describe as very ample. This young woman, Sarah Molloy, previously to living in the defendant's family, had lived as servant in the family of Sir G. Sitwell. She had there acquired a high character, when she was seduced by a servant, who was much superior to her in age and station: she had a child—a circumstance which he understood had been communicated to the defendant at a very early period of their attachment. She was a woman of great personal attractions, and, save in the point to which he had just adverted, of unimpeachable character. She went to his father's house in June, 1823; and some time in March he wrote to her, stating his intention to marry her; and in order to convince her how solemn those intentions were, he assured her that he would either marry her, or, in default of marrying her, would forfeit half his property. If it was attempted that day, as he partly anticipated, to screen the defendant from punishment on the plea of indiscretion, arrived though he had at the mature age of 26 or 27, and was six years older than the young woman whom he had attempted to inveigle, he trusted that his Lordship would tell them, that if he had been foolish, it was not right to make others pay for his indiscretion. He would now read to them a letter, written in the course of the last spring:—

"My dear Sarah—I hope you will feel by no means surprised by my declining to meet you at 8 o'clock. I have been told I should be running away with you very soon. Under these circumstances, I think it is better not to meet on the road, but defer it until J. S. and wife have got into their house, where I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you. My mother questioned me about you, but got no more than twelve-pence to the shilling." [Meaning by that homely phrase, said Mr. Brougham, that his mother was not able to dissuade him from his purpose.]

Mr. Justice BAYLEY—Twelve-pence or a shilling will be just what your client will get, Mr. Brougham.

Mr. BROUGHAM—If my client gets twelve-pence to every shilling which an honest Jury will give her for the injury she has received, I shall be satisfied, my Lord.

Mr. Justice BAYLEY—This marriage must have brought misery and confusion upon his family.

Mr. BROUGHAM—To be sure it must, my Lord.

Mr. Justice BAYLEY—Then would it not be better out of Court to consider——

Mr BROUGHAM (with considerable warmth of manner)—The defendant must have known, and it is my case, that such a marriage must be productive of misery to his family; he wished, however, to prosecute it, my Lord; and my client is not to be the sufferer for his misconduct.

Mr. Justice BAYLLY—"Do not be angry, Mr. Brougham; I meant all for the best." Then, turning round to the Jury—"Gentlemen, I seldom interfere to stop a cause, except when I think that it will be for the interest of all parties to do so. I shall, however, refrain from interfering in this manner again, at all events."

Mr. BROUGHAM—I know that your Lordship, when you hear this case, will be the first to tell the Jury that the question of damages is entirely a question for their consideration. I shall therefore proceed with the letter I was reading. The defendant goes on—"There was nothing said to me by my father when I got home, as I have no doubt he had already found out it was like throwing chaff against the wind." Chaff against the wind! said the Learned Counsel. You see, gentlemen, from this expression, what his family were inclined to do. They were determined to give every opposition to this marriage, and I own they were justified in so doing. The defendant, however, told them that he was prepared to meet such opposition. His expression was, that it was as useless for his parents to resist his wishes as it would be for them to fling chaff against the wind, and to expect that the wind would not blow it back again. If such was his language towards his parents, what must it not have been to this young woman! I shall not pretend to describe it, gentlemen; I shall only say that she believed it; that, on his asseverations of love, repeated with all the warmth and energy of passion, she yielded up to him her affections; and she believed his protestations the more, because she knew that his brother had married her fellow-servant. Gentlemen, the result was, that they entered into a mutual pledge to marry one another; and that is the foundation of this action; for when one party breaks a pledge of such a nature, and the other party keeps it, the party keeping it is entitled to recover from the other, for the breach of it, a compensation in damages. The affair went on for some time, when at last the defendant, after finding that he could not triumph over the plaintiff's virtue, or recollecting that he ought not to disappoint the wishes of his parents, broke off the connexion which he had been about to form. Yet even then he made no imputation against her character. If the Jury were of opinion that a person, because he had 8,000*l.* or 10,000*l.* in his pocket, had a right to treat a poor but respectable young woman in this manner, and then, because he was wealthy, to fob her off with one shilling, paying every attention to his own comforts, and none at all to hers, at the very moment he was admitting that he had used her very improperly—if in such a case as the present they should think that nominal damages would satisfy justice, he would say of them, that they were giving a verdict such as no other twelve honest men would give, and such as he could not anticipate from the acuteness which they had hitherto shown in the course of the Assizes.

Several witnesses were called to prove the case. It appeared from their evidence that the plaintiff had demanded from the defendant no less a sum than 4,000l as the condition for cancelling the marriage promise, and that he had at one time expressed his willingness to pay 500*l.*

The promise of marriage was then put in, which was as follows:—

"I, Richard Swallow, Jun. of Newhall, near Sheffield, do hereby promise to marry Sarah Molloy, or otherwise forfeit half my property in case I should refuse to marry the said Sarah Molloy."

Mr. SCARLETT then addressed the Jury for the defendant. The plaintiff ought not, he said, to receive any benefit from the bargain into which she had entrapped this foolish young gentleman, and the verdict ought to be for the defendant. He viewed the plaintiff's conduct in no other light

than the attempt of an artful woman to allure a weak young man into marriage, the failure of which had excited no more affliction in her mind than it had in the mind of any of the Jury. She deserved, therefore, no damages, and he trusted that she would receive none at the hands of the Jury.

Mr. Justice BAYLEY, in summing up the evidence, told the Jury that the question of damages was entirely for their consideration, and that it would be unconstitutional for him to say any thing as to the amount of them.—Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 200*l*.

NOTTINGHAM, AUG. 6.—*William Stainforth* or *Staniforth*, a ferocious-looking brute, of about the age of 23, was indicted for a brutal assault upon Isabella Clarke, only 11 years old, with intent to commit a greater offence.—The prisoner had been indicted for the capital offence, but was acquitted in consequence of a defect of proof. The Jury found him *Guilty* of the misdemeanour.—Chief Justice BEST, in passing sentence upon the prisoner, admonished him on the heinousness of the offence. It was only by a single point that he had been saved from undergoing the last infliction of the law, when he would have been most certainly left for execution, unpitied by a human being. The increase of this unnatural crime amongst persons in the condition of life of the prisoner, seemed to show that their minds were becoming more depraved. The Court would award the heaviest infliction in its power. The prisoner was then adjudged to two years hard labour in the House of Correction, and was removed amidst the execrations of a crowded Court.

WINCHESTER, AUG. 7.—*Henry Peers* was indicted for having stolen a quantity of brass rings, parts of large chandeliers, and a cushion with a variety of other articles, from a dissenting meeting-house, called Abbey Chapel, in the parish of Romsey, on the 1st of June.—The Jury found him *Guilty*, but recommended him to mercy.—Mr. Baron GARROW: I presume, gentlemen, you thought the crime was a capital one when you so recommended the prisoner.—Juryman: We were of that opinion, my Lord.—Mr. Baron GARROW observed, that the crime was not a capital one, being distinguished from that of *sacrilege*, which consisted in stealing from the places of worship belonging to the *Established* Church. The sentence of the Court was, that he should be transported for seven years.

AUG. 8.—WILLIAMS *v.* BURRIDGE.—Mr. C. F. Williams appeared in Court, for the purpose of prosecuting John Poble Burridge, attorney, for an assault.

Mr. Burridge appeared very much agitated, and was allowed to have a seat within the bar.—Mr. Burridge pleaded "not guilty."

Mr. C. F. Williams said, whilst Mr. Burridge was at large he (Mr. Williams) was in considerable personal danger. He hoped the Court would allow him to exhibit articles of the peace against Mr. Burridge.

The articles of the peace were then read. They set forth that the deponent, C. F. Williams, Esq. Barrister-at-law, had at various times received certain threatening letters, and that on Thursday last he had, without provocation, rushed upon him in the street, and struck him a violent blow on the cheek; that he was in apprehension, from this circumstance, as well as from the repeated declarations in his letters, that the defendant intended him some grievous bodily harm.

The RECORDER stated to Mr. Burridge, that it was necessary for him to procure bail, not only to answer for his assault, but to keep the peace towards Mr Williams.

Mr. Burridge said he was perfectly unprepared to do so. He was ready to admit that he was not justified in committing the assault; but there were strong circumstances in mitigation.

Mr. Minchin (the attorney, who had been in consultation with the defendant) intimated that Mr. Burridge had become sensible of his misconduct, and was anxious to obtain the forgiveness of the prosecutor. He was now ready to withdraw his plea of "not guilty," and plead "guilty" to the indictment.

Mr. C. F. Williams said he was extremely happy at finding that the defendant had seen the impropriety of his conduct. "I feel for the situation in which he is placed, and how difficult it may be for him to procure sureties. I am therefore quite ready to take Mr. Burridge's own recognizance. I am sure that this is all that is necesrary; and I am happy in feeling that I shall not derive a greater degree of security in future from the pledged responsibility of two persons on behalf of Mr. Burridge than I shall from that gentleman's own impression of the injustice he has done me."

Mr. Burridge bowed with great apparent thankfulness. He entered into his own recognizances for 200*l* to keep the peace for two years. The moment he was discharged, he went to Mr. Williams's lodgings, but not finding that gentleman at home, he left a letter expressing the deepest contrition for his conduct, and his gratitude for the generosity with which his unprovoked behaviour had been passed by.—The attack has excited a great sensation. As soon as the report was circulated, most of the members of the bar waited on Mr. Williams. The Learned Gentleman's face is considerably swollen, but he has sustained no other inconvenience from this attack.

SALISBURY, AUG. 9.—BROWN *v.* DALLYMORE AND OTHERS.—Mr. Sergeant PELL said that this was an action brought by his client, a gardener, to recover compensation in damages for an injury inflicted upon him in consequence of the negligence of the defendant's servants, and which disabled the poor man from pursuing his employment. On the 23d of December last, the plaintiff was proceeding in his cart towards Lavington, on the Bath road, when he heard a van coming behind him. He took care to place his cart on the side of the road, as far from the middle as it was in his judgment necessary to remove it, in order to allow the van full room to pass. However, the driver of the van not taking advantage of the space that was left him, thought proper to approach so near plaintiff's cart, as to render their contact absolutely unavoidable. The consequence was, that the wheel of the van struck the off-wheel of the cart, and so violent was the concussion, that the far weaker body was instantly overturned, and the poor man who was sitting in it was tumbled out, and his leg broken. The conduct of the defendant's servants was wholly inexcusable; the road was perfectly well able to accommodate the two vehicles, and therefore there was not the least pretence for the driver of the van to come near the cart at all. Application was made to the defendants for redress, but the answer was that they did not care about damages, as there was a society of proprietors who would bear the expense of such actions.—The facts stated by the Learned Counsel having been proved by the witnesses for the prosecution, Mr. Sergeant WILDE, on the part of the defendants, called the guard and other witnesses, who gave testimony of a contradictory nature.—The Jury, however, after a short consultation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 200*l*.—Mr. Baron GARROW.—I think it right to observe, that the formation of societies of coach proprietors, for the purpose of resisting such actions as the present, is highly to be reprehended, as being calculated to do a great deal of mischief to the public. The security of persons who are obliged to trust themselves to the skill of coachmen and guards is necessarily an important object of public policy; and whoever threatens to diminish the means of continuing that security, as doubtless such combination does, must be viewed with the greatest jealousy.

WEXFORD, AUGUST 4.—MURDER AND SUPERSTITION.—*John Carrol*, *Nicholas Wickham*, *James Devereux*, *Patrick Parel*, *Nicholas Corrish*, and *Walter Scallan*, were placed at the bar, charged with the murder of *Catherine Sinnott*.—In regard to Carroll, the Catholic Priest, the circumstances adduced proved that he was in a state of violent mental derangement when he destroyed the child (as described in a late *Examiner*.) On this ground he was *Acquitted*. The other prisoners were also found *Not Guilty*, as it did not appear that they had aided in the commission of the crime. It was clear that they were all influenced by a gross delusion, and confidently relied on the power of working miracles which the Priest pretended, and doubtless believed that he possessed. This seems to have been the unanimous impression amongst the spectators.—William Furlong, the first witness, said, that when he was going into the room, one of the prisoners asked him "whether he was drunk or mad, and desired him to keep out of the way, as the Priest was at that moment going to expel the Devil, and that he (the Devil) might hurt witness in his passage out of the room." In a subsequent part of his examination he said, he "thought the Priest could perform a miracle, though he certainly thought him deranged."—Philip Walsh, described by Counsel as a very intelligent man, expressed his belief in the miraculous cure of a person of the name of Neal by Carroll; and in answer to a question put to him, said, "he would not swear that he did not think Carroll *now* capable of working miracles." Thomas Sinnott, the father of the child killed by Carroll, said it was "the universal opinion that numerous miracles had been worked by Father Carrol."—During the trial of Carroll, his countenance was deadly pale, but calm and composed, and scarcely a muscle moved. His eyes were somewhat bloodshot, and he occasionally fixed them with a steady gaze on several persons whom he appeared to recognise in the Court. During the greater part of the day he stood with his arms folded, leaning over the front of the dock. Being subsequently accommodated with a chair, he, however, occasionally sat down for a few minutes. During the charge of the Judge, he paid the strictest attention, and on several occasions, when his Lordship commented on the atrocious circumstances of the case, the muscles of the prisoner's upper lip appeared in constant play. It was not, however, until the Jury had returned to the box, after considering of their verdict, that he shewed any peculiar degree of interest in the case. A slight hectic then mantled over his heretofore pallid countenance. He frequently clenched the hand which rested on the dock, while the other was applied to his forehead. This feeling, however, only lasted while the names of the Jury were calling over, and before the verdict was announced he had again resumed his appearance of composure. He heard the verdict recorded without betraying the slightest emotion. The prisoner is about 28 years of age, although he looks considerably older. He is remarkably tall, and stout made, and his features are strongly marked and regular.

LIMERICK, AUG. 6.—MURDER OF MAJOR HARE.—*Patrick Manane*, and *James Manane* (brothers) and *John Greene*, were indicted for attacking the house of Major Hare, and for the murder of the said Major Hare.—Oliver Fitzgerald knows the prisoners; recollects the night that Major Hare was shot; it was about Candlemas, 1822. It was agreed to go to Major Hare's, and they all proceeded there. It was night; they went to the rear of the house, and discovered a window not barred; they broke that window and entered. They proceeded up stairs into the room on the right hand. As witness turned round, the opposite door was opened; a man came out in his shirt and presented a gun at him. "You rebels!" said he, an he snapped and missed fire. He then drew back

into the room, and witness followed. Just as he opened his bed-chamber door he made towards witness, struck him with a gun, and cut him in the forehead. The next man that came up to his assistance was Brown; Major Hare had a gun in his hand, and witness took it from him; witness found his face covered with blood, and made a punch with the gun at his left side; he caught hold of the gun a second time; then the prisoner Patrick Manane stepped back, and shot Major Hare; witness suffered injury from the shot; Major Hare fell; as he was falling, the prisoner Patrick Manane struck him with the but-end of the gun. Mrs. Hare was in her bed-chamber; she asked where her husband was, or was he dead? One of them answered that he was not—they demanded ammunition from Mrs. Hare; she thought that it was money they asked for; she said there was very little money in the house; they told her it was not money they wanted, but ammunition; she drew out the drawer and handed James Manane a shot-pouch. They then left the room.—After some further evidence, the Jury retired for about four minutes, and returned with the verdict—*Guilty*.—The prisoners heard the fatal verdict with awful solemnity, but with unshaken firmness.—The Learned JUDGE immediately proceeded to pass sentence—"that you be hanged on Monday, the 9th of August, at the common place of execution, and be hanged by the neck till you are dead—that your bodies be delivered up for dissection—and the Lord have mercy upon your souls!"—The prisoners heard this terrible sentence with the utmost resignation. Patrick Manane, just as the judge concluded, drew back a few paces from the front of the dock, with extended arms, and in a tone and manner the most impressive that we have ever witnessed, replied to the prayer of the Judge, his eyes at the same time turned towards Heaven—"Amen, Amen! my Lord—perhaps it is all well—I hope it may be for the better, that we are leaving a place of misery and going to a place of happiness. I forgive my prosecutor—the Jury I freely forgive, as I do all mankind. We go to meet death like Christian men—may God of Heaven bless you all!" Manane was dressed as a respectable farmer, his countenance sharp and intelligent, his person above the middle stature, and extremely well formed; he appeared to be about 34 years of age. His brother's countenance was not so intelligent; his features were soft and without character. The prisoners were conducted to the gaol under a heavy escort of the 3d Light Dragoons; they passed through the principal streets of Limerick, surrounded by some hundreds of weeping relatives and friends; a scene more truly distressing could not well be imagined. The unfortunate prisoners walked with their hats off, and preserved the same decorous and manly conduct that characterised them throughout their trial and at the awful moment of their conviction.

AUG. 3.—RAPE.—*Michael Molloney* was indicted for a rape on Mary M'Mahon, at Mungret, on the 8th of November last.—The prosecutrix, a well-looking girl, proved the offence.—The Counsel for the defence appeared very anxious that the matter might be settled by a marriage. One witness, in the course of his evidence, deposed that a marriage was about to take place before the trial, but that the Priest refused, and he could not tell why. Mr. Boyce intimated to the Judge his belief, that there was a rule in the Roman Catholic Church which prohibited the marriage of persons under any confinement or restraint.—The Learned JUDGE denied this, and mentioned a fact within his own knowledge, of a marriage having been celebrated under exactly similar circumstances, in the Judge's Chamber, Cork, when three priests were present at the ceremony, and the Jury, at the time, engaged in consultation upon the case. Here the conversation ceased, and his Lordship charged the Jury, who retired.—In the interim a Clergyman was procured, and the parties were married in the Judge's room; after which his Lordship ordered the Jury to be recalled, and stated that from circumstances that had since come within his observation, he would recommend them to acquit the prisoner.

POLICE.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

A female, very genteelly dressed, with her parasol and reticule in her hand; of a matronly appearance, on Thursday stood smiling at the bar, charged with being drunk and riotous in the street.—The watchman said, that he found this lady the night before, in the Regent's Quadrant, quite drunk, singing aloud, and a crowd of people around her. He took her to the watch house, where she kicked up such a row, that nothing was ever like it.—Mr. ROE asked the lady, who seemed to enjoy her situation very much, what her name was, and if she were married or single? She replied that she was a married lady, and her name was *Jane Howard*; but further she begged leave to decline saying.—Mr. ROE asked her if she acknowledged having been drunk?—She said, certainly not; and she would appeal to him, if a pint of ale and two glasses of gin and water would make any lady drunk, who had any thing at all of a head? And this she declared was *all* she drank, at the house of a friend where she dined.—Mr. ROE said, that the constable and watchman swore she was drunk, and she must be fined 5s.—This sum she instantly paid, smiled, curtsied to the Magistrate, and departed.

HATTON-GARDEN.

Mr. J. W. Parkins on Tuesday, charged a Mr. Seagood, a jeweller, with having obstructed him in the public street, and with stealing his dog and collecting a mob about him. No assault was proved, and this charge was dismissed. Mr. Parkins then charged Mr. Seagood with having got possession of the dog four years ago, when it belonged to Mr. Parkins. The Magistrate declined having any farther explanation or argument on the subject, and the affair ended without any settlement of the important question of property in the dog.

John Wilcocks, a miserable looking emaciated old man, who stated his age to be 89 years, was on Friday charged with having attempted to violate the person of Christiana Wilson, an interesting-looking child, only nine years of age, the daughter of a respectable tradesman residing on Clerkenwell-green. It appeared that the prisoner was in the habit of giving halfpence to female children, desiring them, instead of buying fruit, to purchase religious tracts, which he promised to read for them, either in the neighbouring fields or in the church-yard. On those occasions, instead, however, of reading the *Religious Tracts*, he took indecent liberties with the children. In consequence of the ill state of health of Mr. Wilson's child, she was under the examination of a surgeon, which led, with her detail of circumstances, to the apprehension of the prisoner, as the child stated that he treated several other children in a similar manner. His son, a respectable housekeeper, above 60 years of age, came forward and bailed the offender, who, on leaving the office, was hooted along the street.

THAMES OFFICE.

On Thursday *Captain Foreman*, of the Adonis, and *John Finnis*, his mate, were committed for trial to Newgate, charged with the murder of Joseph Franklin, a youth who acted as steward on board the vessel. It appeared in evidence, that the Captain had beaten Franklin severely when he was in a state of intoxication, and had afterwards compelled Finnis to force the lad up to the fore-topmast head, to send down the top-gallant yard. The lad went up, but came down without performing the job, saying he could not do it. He was again forced up by the mate, though shivering with cold. The wind was blowing hard at the time, and unable to keep his hold he fell over board and was drowned, as the vessel could not be put about to save him.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

A lady of respectable family in the town of Galway was so attached to a favourite lap-dog, as to accustom it to remain in her sleeping room at night, as also of continually licking her lips. The dog some time after was observed to become unusually dull, and regardless of food, and suddenly disappeared from the house. In the space of five or six weeks, the disease of hydrophobia was announced by the patient experiencing a sudden horror of the noise of water, proceeding from a mill-stream near where she for many years resided. Convulsive efforts of the organs of deglution now set in with intervals of delirium, frequent spasms of the entire muscular system now succeeded, and, on the third day, she died, after a violent paroxysm, in a state of exhaustion.—*Dublin Morning Post*.

A young lady of the name of *Sneath* met her death on Saturday week, about a mile from Colnbrook, by the overturning of a chaise driven by her brother. One rein, by some accident, got loose, and the horse, which was full blood, galloped off at full speed, and precipitated the chaise down a bank of four feet. Miss Sneath was thrown upon her head, and killed on the spot, but her brother escaped unhurt.

James Wetherill, convicted at the late Lincoln assizes for the murder of Mr. W. Berridge, at Brigg, and sentenced to be executed on Friday, week, has received a respite for a fortnight. It appears that he cut his throat in prison since his conviction, but is expected to recover from that. The respite has been granted on the report of the surgeons, that if attempted to be executed now, his sufferings would be greatly protracted, as he would be able to inspire atmospheric air by the orifice made in the wind-pipe.

Between eight and nine o'clock on Thursday evening, as *Miss Harriet Seymour*, daughter of Major Seymour, of Gower-street, was dressing for a ball, her apparel took fire. The dress being gauze and muslin, instantly ignited, and the young lady, before she could be aware of the circumstance, was completely enveloped in flames, which ascending rapidly to the bosom, throat, and head, rendered her incapable of making a single effort to arrest their progress. In this dreadful state she rushed from the apartment, screaming wildly, and was met on the landing by her mother and the maid servants; the former swooned away, while the latter, joining their shrieks to those of the sufferer, made some ineffectual attempts to quench the fire. The alarm reaching to the dining parlour, where Major Seymour and three or four gentlemen were assembled, they immediately ran up stairs, and by the help of blankets, the flames were effectually extinguished. Surgical aid was quickly obtained, but from the dreadful state of the young lady's throat and head, faint hopes are entertained of her recovery. Every particle of the dress was reduced to a tinder, though not more than two or three minutes could have elapsed from the communication of the fire to its extinction. Miss Seymour is only in her 17th year.

On Sunday last, at Uploders, *Ann Buddon*, about 25 years of age, in an advanced state of pregnancy, by her sweetheart, was persuaded by him to put an end to her existence by drowning herself, as he said he had no intention of marrying her. Search was made for her on Saturday and Sunday, and in the evening of the latter day she was found dead in about 18 inches of water, close to the field where the said sweetheart was working on Saturday. The body on examination was found to be much bruised in different parts; it had evidently received some very violent blows especially upon the head. A coroner's jury sat two days on the inquest, and returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown." An active investigation is still going on, and great hopes are entertained that the murderer will be found out.—*Dorset County Chronicle*.

About half past ten on Thursday night a fire broke out at the house of Mr. Moyes, printer, Greville-street, Hatton garden, which soon communicated to the two adjoining houses, the interiors of which were entirely consumed. The firemen were exceedingly active in making preparations to extinguish the flames, but were much impeded by the want of water. At half-past 12, the walls of Mr. Moyes and the adjoining house fell in, and the fire was extinguished.

On Tuesday an inquisition was held in High street, Shadwell, upon the body of *Harriet Holland*, a young woman about twenty years of age. It appeared that the deceased was the daughter of respectable parents, residing in Horselydown, and that about six months ago a young man prevailed on her to leave her paternal roof, and having succeeded in seducing her from the paths of virtue, in three months deserted her. Rather than return to her friends, she was obliged to resort to the streets for the means of support; her abhorrence to such a course was so great, that she a short time since attempted to poison herself, but was at the time frustrated. On Friday night she accompanied the captain of a ship lying in the river on board his vessel, and while on deck, she hastily took off her shawl and bonnet, and threw herself into the water. Every exertion was used at the time to save her, but without effect. She was found near the same spot on Monday morning. Verdict—"Temporary Insanity."—Another inquest was held on Tuesday, in Shoe-lane, on the body of *Jane Sykes*, aged 54. William Wheatley, lighterman, said he was on board a barge lying off Rosher's wharf, on Sunday evening, there was another barge about 20 feet distant; he had been on board during the evening in company with the deceased and her husband, who slept in the cabin. Witness went to bed between ten and eleven o'clock. About one o'clock he was alarmed by the husband crying out "Will! Will!" On getting up, he discovered the other barge rapidly sinking, and it was with the utmost difficulty he succeeded in rescuing the old man (Sykes) who was nearly drowned. It was impossible to save the deceased. He conceived this melancholy accident was owing to a plug at the bottom of the vessel being out. William Sykes was now led into the Jury room in a state of great debility. He was first alarmed by water pouring upon them into the cabin; he got his wife by the hand, endeavouring to save her, and called out to the first witness; she was not able to get out of the cabin, and witness was then obliged to let go of her, and saw her no more. He could not account for the plug being out. The barge was heavily laden with stones. The Jury immediately returned a verdict of "Accidental Death."

Diabolical Delusion.—On Wednesday an inquisition was held on the body of Mr. Edward Hart, a gentleman aged 60 years, residing in the New-road, Islington. It appeared from the evidence that this feeble minded person belonged to a body calling themselves "The Amicable Christian Society," and punctually attended their pious meetings. It should seem that a belief in a devil is a main feature of their creed; and accordingly, Mr. Hart's nervous system was so worked upon, that when alone he declared he had repeated visits from Belzebub, who used to mount his bedstead, sit upon his stomach, and breathe down his throat with such violence, that it deprived him of breath! To get rid of this ungracious visitor, Mr. Hart used to read the Lord's Prayer, and intreat his tormentor to go away; which, he said, he did, by rushing out through the window. Despair took possession of the poor deluded creature's mind, in a fit of which it is supposed he destroyed himself; for he was found dead on Sunday morning in the water-butt, his head foremost in it, and his legs protruding from the top of the water, which was between four and five feet deep.—Verdict: "Temporary Derangement."—Derangement certainly; but was it not caused by the "holy alliance" of Methodism, Superstition, and Stupidity?

MARRIAGES.

On Tuesday, at St. James's, Joseph Smyth Windham, Esq. of Waghen, York, youngest son of the late Sir Wm. Smyth, Bart. of Hill hall, Essex, to Katherine, second daughter of John Trotter, Esq. of Durham-park, Herts.

On the 10th inst. at St. Lawrence Jewry, James Barton Hill, Esq. surgeon, of Harper-street, Bloomsbury, to Mary Ann, second daughter of Thomas Kesteven, Milk-street.

On the 7th inst. at Southampton, George Heneage Walker Heneage, of Compton house, Wilts., Esq. to Harriet Sarah, eldest daughter of the late William Webber, of Binfield-lodge, Berks, Esq.

At Hampton-court, the Rev. R. Fredcroft, Rector of West Itchnor, Sussex, to Frances Katherine, only daughter of Sir Thomas Pochell, Bart.

On Thursday week, at Walcot Church, Bath, C. R. Ogden, Esq. Solicitor General of Canada, to Mary Ashton, youngest daughter of General Coffin, of Walmer, Kent.

On Tuesday, at St. George-the-Martyr, Samuel M'Culloh, Esq. of Baltimore, America, to Eleanor M'Culloh, of Great Ormond-street.

DEATHS.

At the Parsonage-house, Cheynies, Bucks, the Rev. Wm. Morris, M.A. Rector of Cheynies, and of Foxley, Wilts.

The Rev. Crewe Shetwood Davies, perpetual Curate of Flint.

On Wednesday, at Portsea, aged 93, Mr. S. Smyth, Master in the Royal Navy, and the oldest officer but one of that class in the service.

On the 4th inst. at Cheltenham, Thomas Jameson, M.D. aged 71.

On the 9th ult. in her 76th year, Mrs. Esther Delph. On the 17th ult. Mr. Aaron Delph, in the 43d year of his age. And on the 3d inst. Mr. E. Delph, in the 83d year of his age; he was parish clerk of Marsham for more than 60 years. The above three were father, mother, and son, who lived all in one house.

At Kensington, on the 12th inst. Mr. Carew Oake, aged 35.

On Sunday, in this town, Alexander Livingston, a native of Haddington, in Scotland, aged 98 years. He served 27 years in the Scotch Greys, and was with that regiment at the memorable battle of Minden, in 1759, where he had two horses shot under him. At the battle of Lefotte he was severely wounded, and has been for nearly 50 years a pensioner of Chelsea Hospital.—Manchester Guardian.

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ROYAL GARDENS, VAUXHALL.—A Grand MILITARY FETE under the Especial Patronage of the KING, in honour of the Birth of his Royal Highness the DUKE of YORK, Commander in Chief, and the Illustrious Brother of His Majesty, the Patron of Vauxhall, will take place TO-MORROW Evening, Monday, August 16.—The Proprietors respectfully acquaint the Public of their intention to celebrate the Birth Day of His Royal Highness the Duke of York with the same splendour and magnificence as characterised the brilliant Illuminations and Entertainments on his Majesty's Birth Day. The whole of the Devices, Mottoes, &c. &c. which were the admiration of upwards of Twelve Thousand Persons on that Evening, will be again Exhibited, to give every possible effect to this Celebration; to which will be added a number of other appropriate illuminated Trophies, &c. &c. and the Proprietors pledge themselves, that this Military Fete shall be inferior to no Gala ever given in these Gardens.—There will be a constant succession of Entertainments from the moment the Doors open, till the Fire-works at Twelve o'Clock, which terminate the Amusements of the Evening. On this memorable occasion, the Proprietors have the gratification of announcing a GRAND SAILING MATCH for the Year 1824, for a superb Silver Cup and Cover, given by his Majesty's Coronation Fleet, established in 1823, for the annual commemoration of the Coronation and Birth Day of his most gracious Majesty George the Fourth, and to celebrate the Anniversary of the Birth Day of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, by Gentlemen's Pleasure Vessels of unlimited tonnage. They are to start from Blackfriar's Bridge at Four to a Boat near Putney Bridge, and back to Vauxhall Bridge. The superb Silver Cup and Cover will be presented to the fortunate Winner in the Royal Gardens in the Evening.—The CONCERT will include the new Birth-Day Ode, and the Grand Battle Sinfonia, both composed expressly by Mr. Rooke; a Concerto on the Trumpet, by Mr. Norton, which was received on the King's Birth Day with most distinguished approbation; the celebrated Overture to Der Freichutz; the different Comic and other Songs; with several new Songs, composed expressly for the Royal Gardens, will be sung during the Evening.—The CHINESE WEDDING will be performed in the Theatre, with the whole strength of the Company, consisting of more than Fifty Performers.—The JUGGLER will again astonish and delight the Company, by his varied and wonderful Performances with Balls, Rings, Balancings, &c.—The FANTOCCINI, which increases in attraction every Night, will be exhibited in the Rotunda.—The HYDRAULICS will be exhibited for the first time this Season, greatly improved by Mr. Morris, who has added many new and ingenious Devices.—BLACKMORE will give his Tight Rope Evolutions, and will perform his Terrific (though to him easy) Ascent and Descent, described below.—The COSMORAMAS, which have attracted so much notice, will be illuminated during the usual hours.—The MUSICAL TEMPLE will be thrown open and exhibited from Ten till One, being its last Season.—The FIRE-WORKS, by Chevalier Southby, are promised to quite equal the grand display on Thursday last, which were acknowledged to be superior to any ever before seen in this Country. The young American will ascend the Rope, and descend amidst a grand discharge of Rockets, Maroons, &c. The French Theatre, Revolving Evening Star, Illuminated Fountain, with all the other Entertainments, will be given during the Evening.

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CHARLES WRIGHT, Wine Merchant to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, next to the King's, and facing the Haymarket Theatre, Opera Colonnade, Haymarket, London, has on SALE the finest OLD PORT, 42s. per dozen; superior SHERRY, 36s. per dozen; and CAPE MADEIRA (unequalled in Europe) at 18s. per dozen. A hamper of one dozen of each of the above Wines, bottles, package, &c. included, will be forwarded on receipt of 5l.; or two dozen Cape Madeira, bottles, &c. for 2l.; Madeira, Vidonia, Teneriffe, Lisbon, Mountain, &c. 2l. per dozen. The Trade supplied.—Fresh emptied Wine Pipes always on Sale, 17s. each. Old Cognac Brandy, 23s. 6d. per gallon. Old Jamaica Rum, 15s. 6d. per gallon. CHAMPAGNES, just landed, 34s. per dozen. Observe, Samples of the Wines may be purchased; Old Port, 3s. per bottle; Sherry, 3s.; Cape Madeira, 1s. 6d. &c.—Postage to be paid.—No credit.—Fine sweet Devonshire CYDER, in full quart bottles, 7s. 6d. per dozen, by two dozens, well up.

SUPERIOR WINES.—The uniform satisfaction the LONDON and WESTMINSTER WINE and SPIRIT COMPANY have given to the numerous gentlemen and families they have had the honour to supply, induces them to continue to present their prices to the public. Every article sold by them is genuine, and free from any adulteration whatever.

FOR READY MONEY ONLY:

Old Port,	per doz. 36s. to 42s.	West India Madeira	per doz. 42s.
Port, 2 to 7 years in bottle	48s. to 63s.	East India do.	50s.
Sherry	30s. to 44s.	Malmsey do. (in pints)	35s.
Superfine real Amontillado	30s.	Old Port, 5 years in bottle (in pints)	33s.
Cape Madeira and Mountain	40s.	Liqueurs in cases, 22. 8s. per case; and Spirits of every denomination.	
Superfine Madeira	40s.		

CAPE WINES.

White Cape,	per doz. 16s. to 18s.	Cape Hock, very curious,	per doz. 28s.
Cape Madeira	21s. to 24s.	Red Cape	24s. to 30s.
Cape Sherry	24s.	Constantia, in pints	28s.

FRENCH AND GERMAN WINES.

Sweet St. Julien,	per doz. 60s.	Champagne, superior,	per doz. 90s.
Lafitte and Chateau Margeau,	80s. to 90s.	Ditto, first quality	105s.
Champagne D'Ay, et D'Avize	84s.	Moselle	65s.

Old Hock, Sauterne, Barsac, Frontignac, &c.

The Company particularly solicit attention to their Champagne at 90s. Claret, the Reteiro Port of 1820, and Amontillado Sherry, which they confidently assert, in price and quality are unrivalled in the trade.

Orders, post paid, enclosing remittances, addressed to Mr. WILLIAM GODDARD, AGENT, No. 16, STRAND, near Charing-Cross, will be punctually attended to.

N.B. The Proprietors wish to be specifically understood, that they are entirely unconnected with any retail Wine Establishment in the Metropolis.

HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.—TEN SHARES in this promising undertaking TO BE SOLD by F. BARRY, Share-broker, 7, Birchin-lane, Cornhill. Also Atlas, Guardian, Albion, Beacon, and British Commercial Assurance Shares; Waterloo and Southwark Bridge Shares; Regent's, Croydon, and Stratford Canal Shares; Chartered, Imperial, Bristol, Brighton, General, British, and Isle of Thanet Gas-light Shares.—WANTED to PURCHASE, Vauxhall Bridge, Commercial Sale Room, and Lambeth Water-works Shares.

IN ONE DAY.—SWIFT and CO. solicit attention to the present Lottery, in which the under-mentioned Prizes will be all decided on the 8th October, viz. 2 of 20,050l. 2 of 20,000l. 2 of 2,050l. 4 of 1,000l. 4 of 510l. 44 from 100l. to 300l. besides smaller Prizes.—All Sterling Money.—Every Number will receive Five Pounds for a Whole Ticket, and in proportion for all Shares, making an aggregate of Two Hundred Thousand Pounds to be obtained in One Day. At Swift and Co.'s old and fortunate Offices, No. 11, Poultry; Charing Cross; and 31, Aldgate High-street, Prizes to an immense amount have been shared and sold.—N.B. This is the last Parliamentary Grant of Lotteries.

ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL BAREGE DRESSES (which cost 25s. making last March) warranted to wash well, 7s. 6d. the full dress; 500 elegant flounced muslin Robes, 9s. 6d. each; 3200 square and long Shawls, of the most exquisite designs, so nearly approximating to India as scarcely to be distinguished by the best Judges, from 15s. to five guineas each, some of which are unquestionably worth 20 guineas; 700 elegant Court and Ball Dresses, 14s. 6d. each, the original price being from 3 to 5 guineas; excellent white, black, and coloured Satins, 2s. 6d. per yard; 5000l. worth of the best German Table Linen of various lengths, from yard and half to six yards, at little more than half price, soiled in a trifling degree, but warranted free from blemish, or the money returned; a Stock, value about 40,000l. of rich Ducapes, Gros de Naples, Figured Silks, Satins, Chintzes, Irish Linens, Sheetings, Crepe-Lisses, Laces, Lace Dresses, Veils, Silk and Cotton Hose, Gloves, Fancy Ribbons, Haberdashery, in all its most fashionable branches.—This Stock has been purchased for ready money, and will be offered for sale at a most trifling advance on the cost price.—An entirely new article in Shawls and Scarfs from 2s. 6d. to 5s. each, which has frequently been sold to Ladies at from three to five guineas.—120, REGENT-STREET, SHEARS and Co. 8 doors from the Quadrant.

THE CHEAPEST SILK STOCKINGS IN LONDON, AND COTTON AT EXTRAORDINARY LOW PRICES.

R. KIPLING and CO. respectfully solicit an inspection of their extensive Stock, which they are now selling at the following prices:—China Silk, cotton feet, from 2s. 2d.; stout, 3s. 6d.; very stout, 4s. 6d. China, all silk, 3s. 11d.; stout, 4s. 9d.; very stout, 6s. 6d. Evening dress, all silk, 5s. 3d.; stout, 6s. 6d.; rich lace, 7s. 6d. Gentlemen's stout silk, 7s. 6d.; very stout, 8s. 6d. Cotton Stockings, 3d. per pair; fine quality, 11s. 6d. per dozen; stout and fine, 1s. 6d., or 16s. 6d. per dozen; superfine, 2s., or 22s. 8d. per dozen; extra superfine, 2s. 6d., or 28s. 6d. per dozen. Gentlemen's unbleached Cotton, 9s. per dozen; very stout, 1s. 6d., or 17s. per dozen; extra stout, 1s. 9d., or 20s. per dozen. Half Hose, 6d.; fine, 11s. per dozen. Drawers, 1s. 6d.; very stout, 2s. 3d.; or pantaloon ditto, 2s. 6d. Ladies' Kid Gloves, 11s. 6d. per dozen; French Kid, 1s. 3d., or 14s. 6d. per dozen; best Kid, 1s. 6d., or 17s. per dozen. Gentlemen's Woodstock Gloves, 12s. per dozen; best, 1s. 6d., or 16s. 6d. per dozen. Doe Skin, 2s., or 22s. 6d. per dozen; best Doe, 2s. 6d., or 28s. 6d. per dozen.—Families and Gentlemen who are desirous of selecting from an extensive stock, will find this an advantageous opportunity of laying out their money profitably.—R. Kipling and Co.'s Warehouse, No. 16, Poultry, ten doors from the Mansion House.

CREASE'S CHEAP GREEN PAINTS, at REDUCED PRICES. The following much-approved GREEN PAINTS, manufactured by JAMES CREASE and SON, 53, West Smithfield, London, are now selling at the following reduced prices:—Invisible Green, No. 1, at 32s. per cwt.; ditto, No. 2, at 42s. ditto; Invisible Olive, at 56s. ditto; in casks of 28lb. and upwards, in a stiff state, requiring eight gallons of drying oil to the cwt. to thin them for use; or thinned with the oil and ready for use, at 5d., 6d. and 8d. per lb. Olive Greens, 9d., 1s. and 1s. 6d. per lb. Their celebrated Spanish Olive, warranted to stand, 2s. per lb. Patent Grass Greens, from 1s. 6d. to 3s. per lb. Japan Greens for Venetian blinds, &c. in bottles at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d. and 5s. each. Rich Green Paints, in powder, 1s. 6d. and 2s. per lb. Ready-prepared White Paint, for out-door work, at 6½d. per lb.; ditto, of superior quality, for in-door work, at 7½d. per lb. Dead White, at 10d. per lb. Aromatic Dead White, for delicate purposes, free from offensive smell, at 1s. per lb.—Genuine White Lead, Lead Colour, Stone Colour, and Oils, Colours, and Varnishes, of every description.—Cheap Tar Paint, a Chocolate colour, ready for use, and requiring no heat, in casks of one cwt. at 2d. per lb. or of 40lb. and 72lb. weight, at 2½d. per lb. Gas Tar, 15s. per barrel.—Manufactory, 53, West Smithfield, London.

FOR CORNS, BUNIONS, &c.—MORRIS'S ROYAL BRUNSWICK CORN PLASTER, prepared from a Recipe belonging to her late Majesty, is an excellent Remedy for eradicating Corns, and giving relief to those who have hard fleshy substances at the bottom of their feet, without the least pain or inconvenience, and will prove a very useful Family Plaster for fresh Wounds and Scalds, likewise for Bunions. Prepared by G. Morris, Chemist to the Royal Family, Kensington.—Sold in boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. by Butlers, Chemists, 4, Cheapside, St. Paul's, and 220, Regent-street, near the Argyle-rooms, London; Waterloo-place, Edinburgh; Sackville-street, Dublin; and by the principal Medicine Venders throughout the United Kingdom. Of whom also may be had, PERRY'S ESSENCE, which has been declared in highly respectable Medical Journals, to be the "best thing ever discovered for the Tooth and Ear-ache." In bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.

N.B. Be careful to ask for Morris's Brunswick Corn Plaster, and Perry's Essence for the Tooth-ache.

FLUID EXTRACT of SARSAPARILLA.—In this Preparation are concentrated all the Medicinal Properties of the Sarsaparilla Root, even to a perfect saturation of the Menstrum with which it is prepared. To such persons, therefore, who, from various causes, would experience great inconvenience, or with whom it would be utterly impossible to prepare the Decoction, the Fluid Extract, which possesses the advantages of portability and of keeping in any climate, will be found a most desirable mode of employing this much-esteemed Medicine.—The Diseases in which it has proved most beneficial are those of the Skin, such as the Scorbutic Affections, Eruptive Diseases, Secondary Symptoms, &c. arising from a diseased state of the system at large. It is taken in water, rendering it of the same strength as the Decoction.—Sold in bottles at 4s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. by Butlers, Chemists, 4, Cheapside, St. Paul's, and 220, Regent-street, near the Argyle-rooms, London; Waterloo-place, Edinburgh; Sackville-street, Dublin; and by the principal Medicine Venders throughout the United Kingdom.

*** Be careful to ask for Butler's Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla.

THREE DAY OF THE WEEK EVENING PAPER.

THE ENGLISH CHRONICLE, and WHITEHALL EVENING POST, published on TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, and SATURDAYS, at Four o'clock in the Afternoon. Having few or no Advertisements, it contains Twice as much Matter as most of the Daily Evening Papers. It has no political bias, being completely independent of party. Orders for it are received by all the Newsmen in Town and Country; also by Mr. John Robeson, the Publisher, No. 12, York-street, Covent-garden, London.—N.B. It contains the Prices of the British and Foreign Funds up to Three o'clock. Also, accounts of the Meat and Corn Markets of London and the Country generally.

Just published, price 1s. the CHEAPEST and most ELEGANT MAGAZINE of the Day, with a Steel Illustration of Lord Byron's Works.

THE LITERARY MAGNET for August, among a variety of elegant and original Literature, contains—I. Village Bells (a Sketch).—II. A Specimen of Human Nature.—III. The Long Vacation.—IV. The Fate of Genius.—V. Literature of the present Period.—VI. Mary Robinson (a Tale).—VII. Genteel Beggars.—VIII. On Women.—IX. The Brook Cottage.—X. Authors' Privileges.—XI. Misanthrope and Goodness of Heart.—XII. The Last of the Cockneys.—Interspersed with original Poetry, Facetiæ, &c. From the Pens of Authors of the first Character.—The Parts for January, February, and to the present time, are now reprinted.

To gratify the anxiety for the possession of this unique Publication, it is published in Weekly uniform Sheets, price 3d. by W. C. Wright, 65, Paternoster-row; and all Booksellers and Venders of Periodicals.

Just published, in 12mo. price 6s. dedicated, by permission, to Thos. Moore, Esq.

THE DESERTED CITY; EVA, a Tale in two Cantos; and ELECTRICITY; Poems. By JOSEPH BOUNDEN.

"The Deserted City is a sweet and affecting poem, which we have read through with a great deal of pleasure. The recollections and associations of the past are beautifully interwoven with the sad realities of the present, &c. The volume is highly creditable to the author's taste and fancy, and shows that he is very deeply imbued with the spirit of poetry."—Literary Museum.

"The three degrees of comparison, good, better, and best, are each here exhibited. Electricity is a powerful effort of genius, in which the truths of science are blended with the flowers of poetry."—Critical Gazette.

"This poem, in its title and structure, bears a resemblance to Goldsmith's Deserted Village; a comparison with which will not injure it in the estimation of the reader, and may add to his pleasure in the perusal, &c."—Philomathic Journal.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

Elegant Edition of the Music in the Freischütz.

THE OVERTURE, with the Favorite Pieces in Der Freischutz, including the popular Songs, the celebrated Trio, and the Prayer, will be published in the 21st No. of the HARMONICON, on the 1st of September; from M. de Weber's own arrangement for the Piano-Forte and Voices, with English words, translated from the original German and adapted to the Music. The fine Cavatina, the Chorus, the Entre-acte, Dances, &c. which excite so much applause, have already appeared in the same work.

London: printed for Samuel Leigh, 18, Strand; and sold by all Booksellers in Town and Country. Orders should particularly specify the Harmonicon Edition of the Music of the Freischütz, as no other can be had under six times the price.

In the press, and in a few days will be published by J. Fentum, 18, Strand,

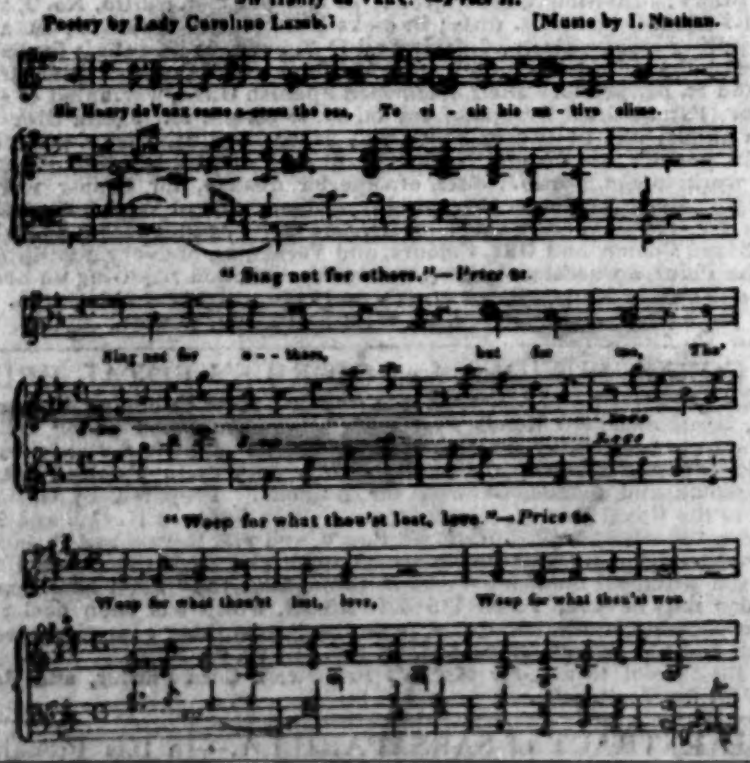
THE OVERTURE and the whole of the MUSIC composed by Mr. NATHAN, together with THOSE PIECES SELECTED in the new Comic Opera of the ALCAID, now performing at the Hay-market Theatre.

A new Edition of LORD BYRON'S HEBREW MELODIES is also in the press, and will be shortly published.

From "Ada Reis."

"Sir Henry de Vaux."—*Price 2s.*

Poetry by Lady Caroline Lamb.] [Music by I. Nathan.



THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.—The Public are respectfully informed, that a New and complete Edition of COUNT LAS CASES' JOURNAL of the Life and Conversation of the late Emperor Napoleon, will be published in a few days. This Edition will be compressed into four handsome Volumes, and illustrated with Portraits of Napoleon and Las Cases; a View of the House in which Napoleon was born, at Ajaccio in Corsica; four coloured Views of St. Helena, taken on the spot, besides Maps, Plans, &c. The price of this New Edition will be reduced to 13s. per vol. or 2l. 12s. the complete work in French and English; and as it is universally acknowledged to form the most complete Epitome of the Life, Character, and Opinions of this extraordinary man, it is presumed that there are few who will not be desirous of possessing it.

Published and sold by Henry Colburn, 8, New Burlington-street; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; and John Cumming, Dublin.

POEMS by the late LORD BYRON, recently published:—

Octavo, price 2s. 6d. sewed,

1. The AGE of BRONZE, or CARMEN SECULARE ET ANNUS HAUD MIRABILIS.

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Just published, price 2s. 6d. sewed,

HINTS to IRISH LANDLORDS, on the best Means of Obtaining and Increasing their Rents; Improving their Estates; and Bettering the Condition of the People. By a LAND AGENT. With an Appendix exemplifying the Measures recommended.

Printed for John and H. L. Hunt, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, Aug. 14, 1824.

Messrs. John and H. L. Hunt announce the following WORKS preparing for publication:

I.

In a few days, foolscap 8vo. price 7s. boards,

TRANSLATIONS and IMITATIONS. By the Author of "IRELAND, a Satire."

"Vix ea nostra voco."

II.

On the 1st of September, in the two sizes,

TWO MORE VOLUMES of the Works of the Right Hon. LORD BYRON; containing all the Pieces published since the last collection, and printed uniform with both the octavo and foolscap Editions.

N.B. Double title-pages will be printed in both sizes, so that these two volumes will complete *all* the editions of the "Works" previously issued.

III.

In one vol. foolscap 8vo. boards,

BACCHUS in TUSCANY, a Dithyrambic Poem. From the Italian of Francesco Redi; with Notes original and select, by LEIGH HUNT.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world goes round.—Anthony and Cleopatra.

IV.

In 8vo. price 2s. sewed,

LETTERS to the EDITOR of the NEW TRIAL of the WITNESSES, in answer to that Work. By an OXFORD LAYMAN.

V.

Post 8vo.

The celebrated FABLES and EPIGRAMS of LESSING, with the Dissertations on Fable and Epigram. Now first translated from the German.

VI.

Post 8vo.

A DAY in STOWE GARDENS; being a Collection of Tales after the plan of Boccaccio's Decameron.

Post 8vo. price 10s. 6d. boards,

A PRACTICAL GUIDE to the COMPOSITION and APPLICATION of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, or a Compendious System of English Grammar, Literary Criticism, and Practical Logic; illustrated by appropriate Definitions and Rules, Examples and Exercises, arranged upon a Plan entirely new, and adapted to explain the Principles of these important Branches of Education, in such a regular and systematic manner, as to enable the reader to apply the Rules contained in the Work to practical purposes.

By PETER SMITH, A.M. Teacher of English Composition, &c. Edinburgh.

As the volume comprehends a complete course of elementary instruction in philology, composition, and reasoning, it may be considered as a desideratum which has not been hitherto supplied by any former publication, and will, it is presumed, be found a useful guide to all who are desirous of writing, speaking, and reasoning accurately on any subject.

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TOUR on the CONTINENT, in FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, and ITALY, during the Years 1817 and 1818.

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SEA-SIDE AMUSEMENT.

Just published, in 12mo. price 6s. a popular and highly interesting Work, entitled,

THE CONCHOLOGIST'S COMPANION; comprising the Instincts and Constructions of Testaceous Animals; with a General Sketch of those extraordinary Productions which connect the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms.

Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-lane, of whom may be had, by the same Author, a Second Edition of The WONDERS of the VEGETABLE KINGDOM. Price 6s.

Just completed, in Twelve Parts, elegantly printed in royal 4to. price 6s. each Part, or the whole handsomely half-bound in morocco, price 3l. 18s.

THE VOCAL ANTHOLOGY, or the Flowers of Song; being a Selection of the most beautiful and esteemed VOCAL MUSIC of ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, and ENGLAND, the whole adapted to English words; together with an Appendix, consisting of Original Compositions written expressly for the Work. Also Biographical and Critical Notices respecting the various Pieces introduced in each Part, and a Catalogue Raisonné of the contents. Amongst the eminent Composers of the Music are the following:—Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Himmel, C. M. Von Weber, Paccini, Cherubini, Rossini, Gossec, Boyeldieu, S. Webbe, Danby, Lord Mornington, &c. &c. The Work is divided into eight divisions, and as to price, it contains no less than 92 select Vocal Compositions, consequently the Songs only cost on an average, about Ninepence each, whereas the purchase of the same music in the original editions would amount to near Forty Pounds. The limits of an advertisement prevent our entering fully into the merits of the work; the Proprietors can only say, that the Quarterly Musical Review, the Examiner, Ackermann's Polite Repository and Magazine of the Arts, &c. La Belle Assemblée, and other respectable works, have already done them the honour to speak favourably of their work. It may be had of Messrs. Sainsbury and Co. Literary Agents, Bell's-buildings, Salisbury-square; and of all Book and Music-sellers.

N.B. Prospectuses of the Work gratis.

London: printed by JOHN HUNT, in Broad-street, Golden square, and published by him at the Examiner Office, 38, Tavistock street, Covent garden.—Price 8d.